

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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Eyes _____

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Hair _____

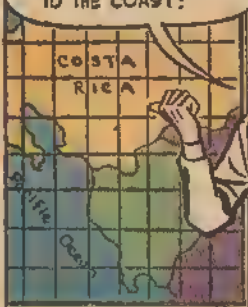
Eyes _____

Clothing _____

VIGIL *among the* VAMPIRES

EARTHQUAKES ARE CLOSELY RELATED TO VOLCANIC ACTIVITY, GIR--AND WITH CUILAPA VOLCANO ERUPTING HERE, THERE'S A POSSIBILITY OF AN EARTHQUAKE BELT EXTENDING ALL THE WAY TO THE COAST!

WE'RE ANXIOUS TO HAVE A TRAINED GEOLOGIST INSPECT THE AREA, MR. BANCROFT--AND I'LL BE GLAD TO PLACE A SMALL PLANE AT YOUR DISPOSAL!



THE FIERY CRATER OF A CENTRAL AMERICAN VAG LIKE AN EYE STARING IN THE NIGHT---AS IF THE JUNGLE ITSELF SHUDDERED AT THE HORROR THAT SLITHERED THROUGH ITS SULTRY DEPTHS! IT'S A HORROR THAT PAT BANCROFT MUST FACE ALONE---LORED BY THE SINUOUS BEAUTY OF A JUNGLE GIRL TO A VIGIL AMONG THE VAMPIRES!

THAT AFTERNOON--AT THE AIRPORT IN SAN JOSE--

MY PROFESSOR ALWAYS MAINTAINED THAT AN EARTHQUAKE EXPERT COULD GENSE WHEN A SHOCK WAS COMING! I WONDER WHETHER THAT'S THE REASON FOR MY STRANGE FEELING OF FOREBODING?

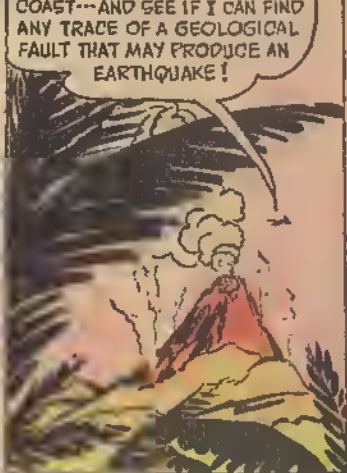


AN HOUR LATER--

WELL, THERE'S CUILAPA--SIX THOUSAND FEET OF SPUTTERING DYNAMITE!



GUESS I'LL HEAD TOWARD THE COAST--AND SEE IF I CAN FIND ANY TRACE OF A GEOLOGICAL FAULT THAT MAY PRODUCE AN EARTHQUAKE!



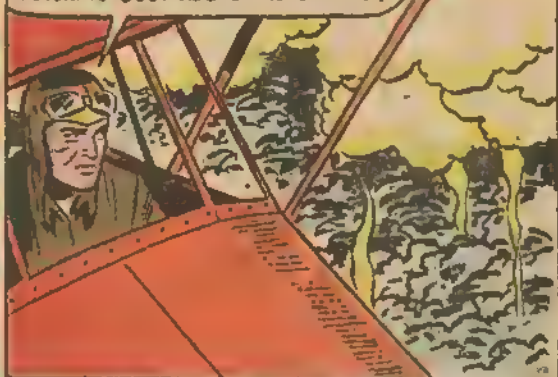
SOON AFTERWARD...

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT-- THE CUILAPA CRATER IS CONNECTED TO SUBTERRANEAN VENTS RUNNING IN THIS DIRECTION! BUT THERE'S NOT MUCH CHANCE OF AN EARTHQUAKE HERE--AS LONG AS THE ERUPTING VOLCANO RELIEVES THE PRESSURE OF GAS AND MOLTEN LAVA!



WITH CHOKING CLOUDS OF SULPHUR FUMES ROLLING WESTWARD FROM CUILAPA...

I'LL HAVE TO SKIM THE TREE TOPS TO ESCAPE THE GAS ON MY WAY BACK TO THE VOLCANO! EVEN SO --THERE SEEM TO BE ISOLATED POCKETS OF GAS HOVERING JUST ABOVE THE GROUND!



THEN...AS PAT PEERS THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS...

GOOD LORD!
I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



MAYBE THE FUMES ARE MAKING ME SEE THINGS --BUT THOSE CREEPS SEEM HEADED IN ONE DIRECTION --TOWARD THE VOLCANO!



BY NIGHTFALL... WITH THE GLOWING CRATER LOOMING IN THE DARKNESS...

NOTHING LIKE WORK TO DRIVE THE THOUGHT OF THOSE PHANTOMS OUT OF MY MIND--AND I'VE DONE PLENTY OF IT SINCE I LANDED! HERE'S THE MAIN THING--A SAMPLE OF THE SULPHURIC GAS I CAN ANALYZE WHEN I GET BACK TO SAN JOSE!



STRANGE THAT I'M SUDDENLY AWARE OF SOMETHING! IT ISN'T THE DEEP, THREATENING RUMBLE OF THE VOLCANO--AND IT ISN'T THE TENSE, STIFLING FEELING THAT COMES BEFORE AN EARTHQUAKE! IT'S SOMETHING ELSE... THE AWARENESS OF BEING **WATCHED!**



I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING--BUT I KNOW I'M NOT LOOKING INTO EMPTY DARKNESS! THERE'S SOMETHING AROUND ME FAR WORSE THAN AN EARTHQUAKE --SOME KIND OF **NAMELESS EVIL!**



Then...AS A SHADOW GLIDES AMONG THE CHATTER-
ING PALMS...



ME...
SANGRA!



WOW... I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN
FURTHER OFF THE BEAM WHEN I
TRIED TO IMAGINE WHAT WAS OUT
HERE! HOW COME **YOU'RE**
PADDING AROUND IN THE
DARKNESS, HONEY?

ME...
HELP!

FUNNY I NEVER REALIZED
BEFORE HOW MUCH I **NEED**
AN ASSISTANT! I'M GOING
TO BE UP UNTIL DAWN COM-
PILED MY DATA...AND
MAYBE YOU **CAN** HANDLE
A FEW ODDS AND ENDS!



SANGRA
...HELP!

SURE, SWEETHEART...
I'VE GOT EVERYTHING
LINED UP FOR YOU! I
WANT YOU TO RULE
OFF RED SQUARES ON
THIS PAPER...SEE?
TAKE THE PEN...AND
I'LL SHOW
YOU HOW
IT'S DONE!



OH!!!



RED...
RED...

DON'T
TAKE IT
SO HARD,
HONEY...
I KNOW
IT WAS JUST
AN ACCIDENT!



Then...WITH THE CRIMSON BLOTCH
REFLECTED IN HER FLASHING EYES...

HEY!
WHAT
GOES
ON
HERE?





YOU'RE JUST MAKING AN UNHOLY MESS OF THINGS, SANGRA! WHAT'S SO FASCINATING ABOUT RED INK?

SANGRA... LIKE!

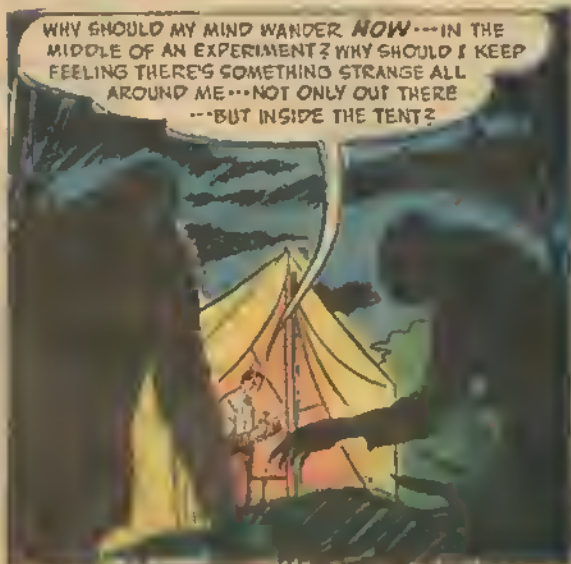


IT'S NO USE--SHE'S ABOUT AS HELPFUL AS A FOUR-YEAR OLD CHILD! THERE'S SOMETHING DISTRACTING ABOUT HER--I SHOULD MAKE HER LEAVE... BUT THAT'S THE LAST THING I WANT TO DO!



LOOK, SWEETHEART... I'M UP TO MY EARS IN WORK! SIT DOWN OVER THERE--AND TRY TO BE QUIET!

MUST...HELP!



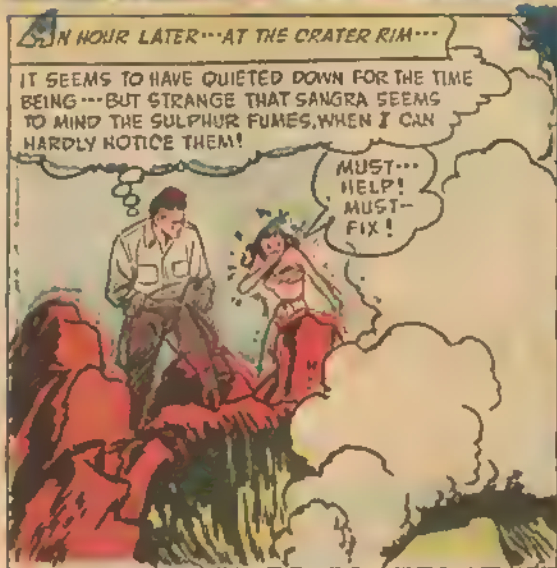
WHY SHOULD MY MIND WANDER *NOW*---IN THE MIDDLE OF AN EXPERIMENT? WHY SHOULD I KEEP FEELING THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ALL AROUND ME---NOT ONLY OUT THERE...BUT INSIDE THE TENT?



NEXT MORNING--ON THE CRASSY SLOPES OF CHILAPA--

GOOD--GOOD! NOW...HELP!

MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T FEEL SO KEEN ABOUT IT IF THE WIND WASN'T CARRYING THE FUMES HIGH ABOVE THE CRATER! BUT MAYBE THAT'S ALL TO THE GOOD--BECAUSE WHILE I'M NOT GOING TO BE CHUMP ENOUGH TO SHOW IT, I'M MIGHTY KEEN ON HAVING YOU AROUND ME!



AN HOUR LATER--AT THE CRATER RIM--

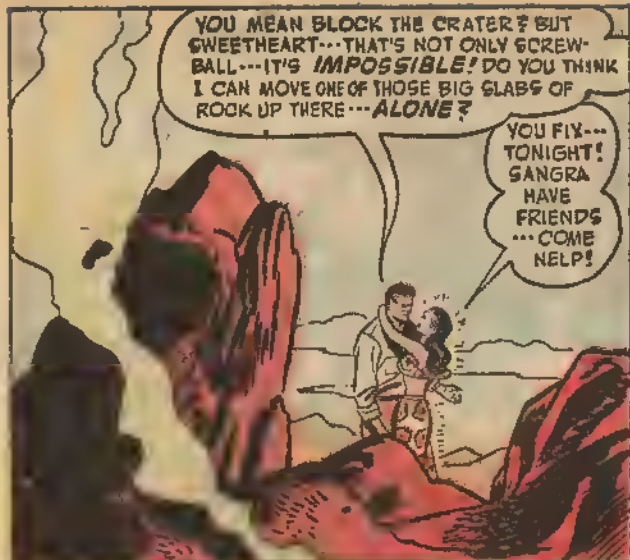
IT SEEMS TO HAVE QUIETED DOWN FOR THE TIME BEING---BUT STRANGE THAT SANGRA SEEMS TO MIND THE SULPHUR FUMES, WHEN I CAN HARDLY NOTICE THEM!

MUST...HELP! MUST-FIX!



NOW IT DAWNS ON ME WHAT SHE'S MEANT ALL THIS WHILE! SHE *WANTS* HELP--AND IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE CRATER! LOOK, SANGRA--YOU WANT ME TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE FUMES--*RIGHT?*

YES--YES! MUST...FIX!



YOU MEAN BLOCK THE CRATER? BUT SWEETHEART... THAT'S NOT ONLY SCREW-BALL... IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** DO YOU THINK I CAN MOVE ONE OF THOSE BIG SLABS OF ROCK UP THERE... **ALONE?**

YOU FIX... TONIGHT! SANGRA HAVE FRIENDS... COME HELP!

WHEN... WHILE THE VOLCANO RUMBLED A BROODING COUNTERPOINT TO THE POUNDING OF PAT'S HEART...



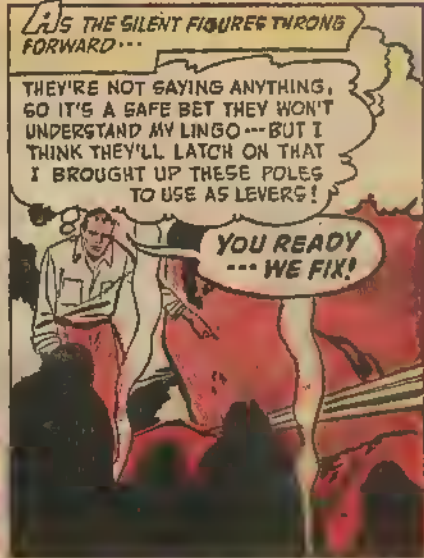
I STILL THINK IT'S A CRAZY IDEA, BABY BUT O.K.! TELL YOUR FRIENDS I'LL BE WAITING!

YES... TONIGHT!



FOURS LATER... WITH MOONLIGHT FILTERING EERILY THROUGH THE MURK...

SOMETHING KEEPS TELLING ME I SHOULDN'T HAVE AGREED TO SEAL THE CRATER... BUT WITH SANGRA'S FRIENDS HERE, I CAN'T BACK OUT NOW!



AS THE SILENT FIGURES THROB FORWARD...

THEY'RE NOT SAYING ANYTHING, SO IT'S A SAFE BET THEY WON'T UNDERSTAND MY LINGO... BUT I THINK THEY'LL LATCH ON THAT I BROUGHT UP THESE POLES TO USE AS LEVERS!

YOU READY... WE FIX!



I... I DIDN'T THINK HUMAN MUSCLE COULD DO IT... BUT WE'RE TIPPING THIS SLAB TOWARD THE CRATER!



SECONDS LATER... NOW THAT IT'S DONE... I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT WHY SANGRA WAS SO SET ON THE IDEA! THERE ISN'T MUCH CHANCE I CAN FIND OUT FROM HER FRIENDS... BUT I'M GOING TO TRY!

CRASH!

THEN --- IN THE CRIMSON GLOW RISING FROM THE FIERY FIGURES ---

**YE GODS --- THOSE FACES!
THEY'RE THE THINGS I SPOTTED
FROM THE PLANE!**



**SLOWLY --- OMINOUSLY --- THE MIDRONS SHAPES
MOVE UP THE SLOPE!**

**THEY'RE TRYING TO EDGE ME
TOWARD THE CRATER! IF I'M GOING
TO GET DOWN ALIVE --- IT HAD
BETTER BE NOW!**



IN A FRENZIED RUSH ---

**I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU CREEPS HAVE IN
MIND --- BUT YOU'RE
NOT GETTING ME ---
AND YOU'RE NOT
GETTING SANGRA!**



MINUTES LATER ---

**GOOD LORD --- I KNEW SHE HAD
THE MIND OF A CHILD! SHE'S
INNOCENT ENOUGH TO THINK OF
THOSE CREATURES AS FRIENDS ---
AND HOW CAN I EXPLAIN WHAT
THEY ARE TO A MIND THAT CAN'T
GRASP THE IDEA OF EVIL?**



**YOU --- FIX!
YOU ---
HELP!**

**NEVER MIND THAT,
SWEETHEART! WE'VE
GOT TO GET AWAY
FROM HERE!**

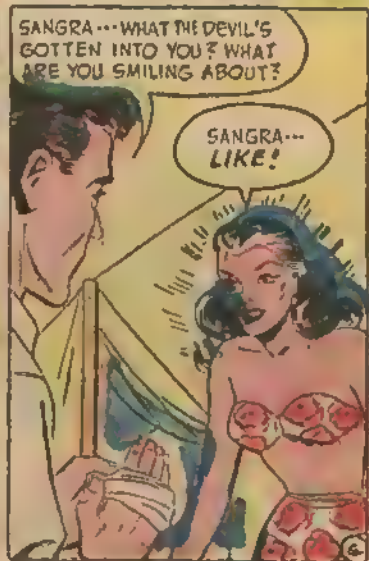


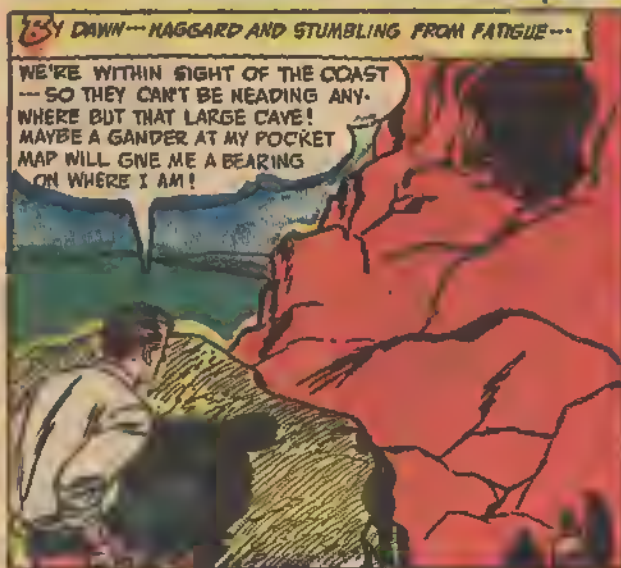
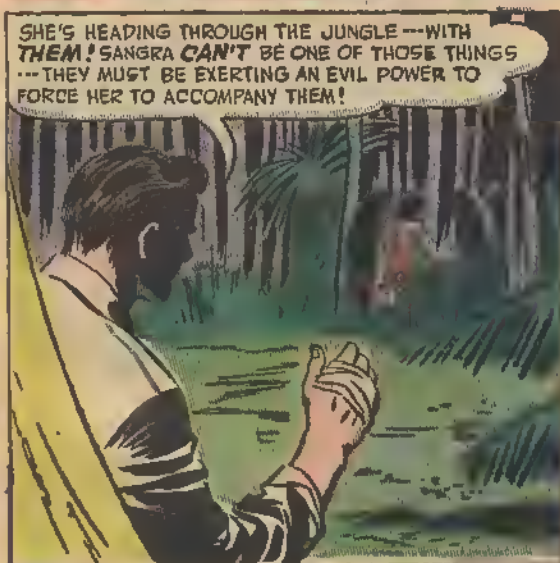
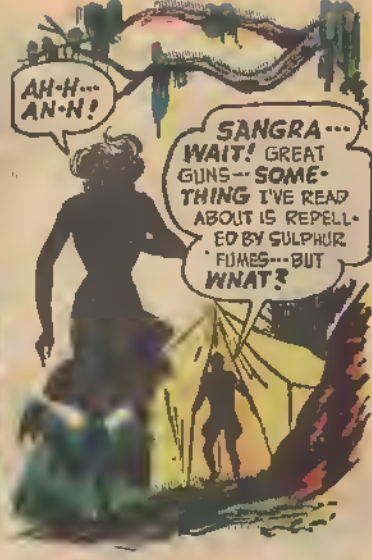
**OW! I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST
IDEA OF WHAT JABBED ME ---
BUT MY HAND'S BLEEDING!**



**SANGRA --- WHAT THE DEVIL'S
GOTTEN INTO YOU? WHAT
ARE YOU SMILING ABOUT?**

**SANGRA ---
LIKE!**





DOES THAT EXPLAIN SANGRA'S REACTION TO THE OVERTURNED BOTTLE OF RED INK...THE WAY HER EYES GLISTENED WHEN I SOMEHOW JABBED MY FINGER...THE WAY SHE RECOILED, AS A BAT WOULD, FROM THE SULPHUR FUMES? BUT THE WHOLE IDEA'S **CRAZY**...FATIGUE'S GOT

MY IMAGINATION WORKING OVERTIME! I'VE GOT TO REACH THE CAVE BEFORE THEY DO...HIDE INSIDE...AND TRY TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO SAVE SANGRA!



MY EYES AREN'T ADJUSTED TO THE DARKNESS YET...BUT THEY'RE COMING...AND THERE ARE MORE OF THEM THAN I THOUGHT!



MOMENT LATER...AS FAINT SUNLIGHT FILTERS INTO THE CAVE...

STRANGE...I DIDN'T SEE THE PHANTOMS CLIMB UP TO THOSE LEDGES...BUT WHAT ELSE CAN THEY BE?



GOOD LORD! THAT'S SANGRA...HANGING HEAD DOWN WITH THE REST!

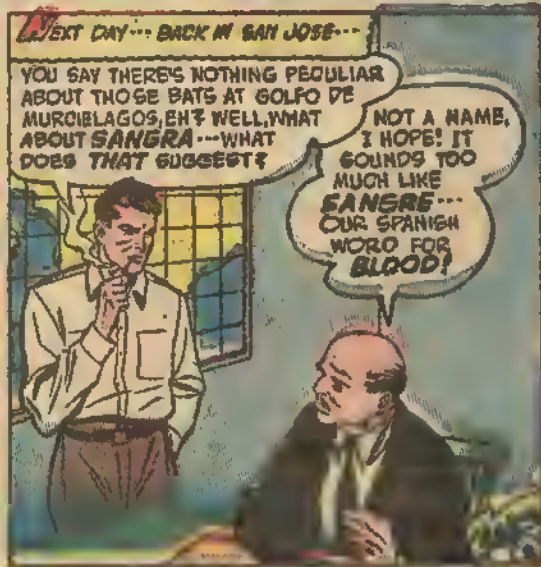
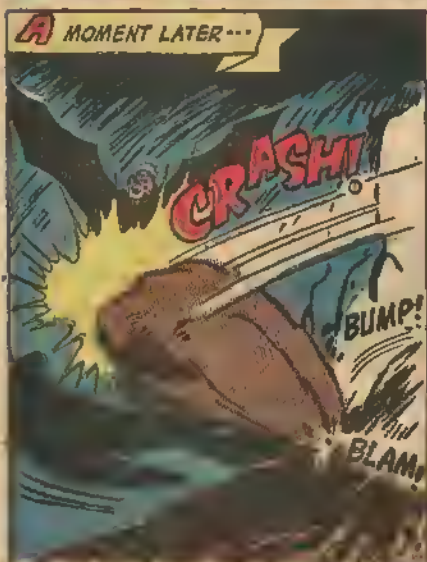
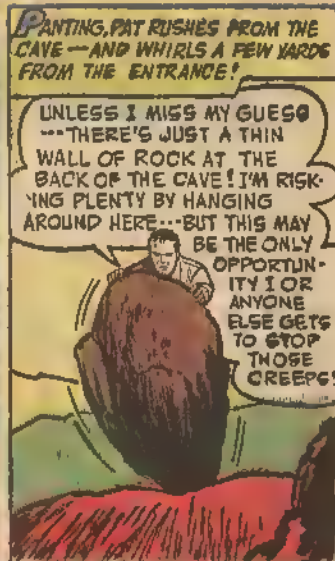
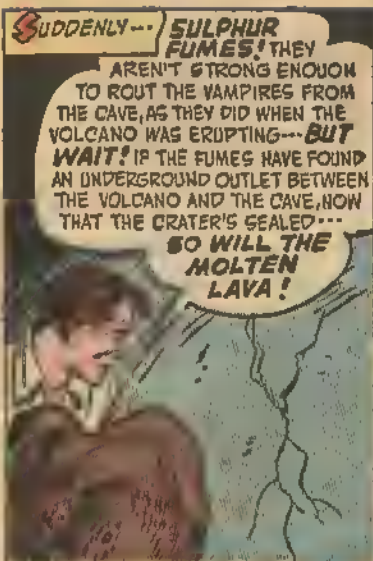


THAT'S WHAT PIERCED MY HAND WHEN I EMBRACED HER...THE BAT-LIKE HOOKS ON HER ELBOWS! THEY'RE ALL **VAMPIRES**...FORCED TO LEAVE THE CAVE AS PHANTOMS WHEN THE FUMES FROM CUILAPA DRIFTED TOWARD THE COAST...UNTIL SANGRA TALKED ME INTO BLOCKING THE CRATER!



AND THAT'S NOT ALL THAT'S BLOCKED! THE ENTIRE MOUTH OF THE CAVE IS CHOKED BY THOSE CRAWLING THINGS...CHANGING INTO BLACK MONSTERS WITH FURRY WINGS!





VAMPIRES' Cloak

IT was dusk by the time Roger Banning reached the dimly-lit street of costume shops, and he knew that he would have to hurry to get his Hallowe'en costume in time for the masquerade party he was attending tonight. Yes, tonight was All-Hallows Eve, when dread and long-dead spirits are supposed to rise from their graves and wreak their evil upon the world—and somehow, the gloomy, fog-shrouded street Roger was in now seemed to have a peculiarly chilling quality—as if the damp coldness was not quite of this world, but rather of the realm of the grave itself!

With a shrug, Roger shook off the eerie feeling that had gripped him, and began looking around for a suitable costume shop where he could buy an outfit for the masquerade tonight. "Say, there's a shop I never noticed before," Roger exclaimed. "It looks very odd and mysterious—I ought to find just what I'm looking for there!"

Inside the dank, musty shop, Roger had to peer hard through the unlit gloom before he could make out the man behind the curno counter. Were his eyes deceiving him, or did he actually detect a strange, greenish color in the man's face, as if he should have been long since dead?

"Can I help you, sir?" the man intoned in an oddly hollow voice.

"Why, yes," Roger said, shrugging off his forebodings. "I'd like a costume suitable for Hallowe'en. Do you have anything in the way of a mask of a monster—like a werewolf or vampire—perhaps something like a Dracula outfit?"

The man chuckled oddly. "I have just the thing you wish, sir, but it isn't a mask—it's a vampire cloak! Here, try it on."

Before Roger could protest that a mere cloak wouldn't be enough of a costume for a masquerade party, the man had thrown a large black cloak over his shoulders and had pushed him in front of a full-length mirror. "There," the man said. "Take a look at yourself—if you can!"

Puzzled by the strange words, Roger pulled the cloak tightly around his shoulders and looked into the mirror. For a moment, he blinked in bewilderment—but then, as he moved closer to the mirror, his mouth dropped open in astonishment. "I . . . I can't see myself," Roger gasped out. "There . . . there's no one in the mirror!"

"Of course not," the man's hollow, mocking voice said behind him. "Vampires can never be seen in a mirror! And if you wish to know how that cloak has changed you, merely put your finger to your incisor teeth!"

Roger obeyed, and as his fingers felt teeth which had suddenly grown much longer and had become razor sharp, he felt the tides of madness swirling over him. He was suddenly conscious of a strange, unnatural hunger . . . an overpowering craving. Drawing his cloak tightly around him, Roger found himself running out the door and into the street—towards the masquerade party where he knew he would find his first victim.

Behind him, he thought he heard a mocking laugh and a voice hollowly shouting, "Happy hunting!"

ADVENTURE into the FUTURE



THE FUTURE! WHAT STRANGE WORLDS...AND EVEN STRANGER CREATURES...
ARE DESTINED FOR EXISTENCE IN CENTURIES AND EONS TO COME? DON'T YOU WISH
YOU COULD PIERCE THE IRON CURTAIN OF TIME SEPARATING THE PRESENT FROM THE
FUTURE, AND CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE FABULOUS SIGHTS OF **TOMORROW?**
WELL, YOU **CAN**...BY FOLLOWING THE STRANGE STORY OF A YOUNG COUPLE WHO
DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF A **TIME MACHINE**, AND EMBARKED ON AN
ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN...INTO THE FUTURE!

THE YEAR: 1950!
THE PLACE: LAB-
ORATORY OF HUGH
MARTINSON, YOUNG
ELECTRO-PHYSICIST!
THE STORY: WELL--
IT REALLY STARTS
OFF WITH A BANG!



MOMENTS LATER...

OH...
MY
HEAD...!

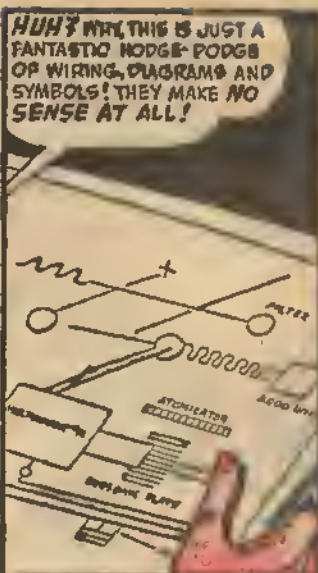
WHAT...
WHAT HAPPENED?
...CORA...ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?



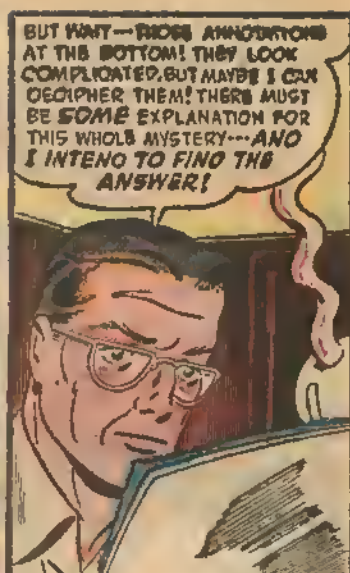


I—I THINK I'M OKAY, HUGH—EXCEPT THAT I CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING! IT—IT MUST BE **AMNESIA!**—SAY! WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND?

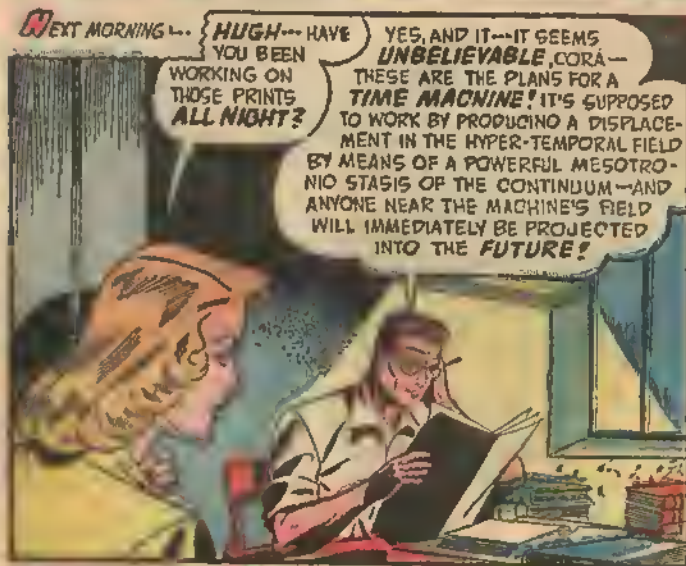
THEY—THEY LOOK LIKE **BLUEPRINTS**—BUT I NEVER SAW THEM BEFORE! MY MIND IS A BLANK, TOO... BUT MAYBE THE PRINTS WILL GIVE US A CLUE AS TO WHAT HAPPENED! **WHERE IN THE WORLD DID I GET THEM?**



HUH? WHY THIS IS JUST A FANTASTIC Hodge-Podge OF WIRING, DIAGRAMS AND SYMBOLS! THEY MAKE NO SENSE AT ALL!



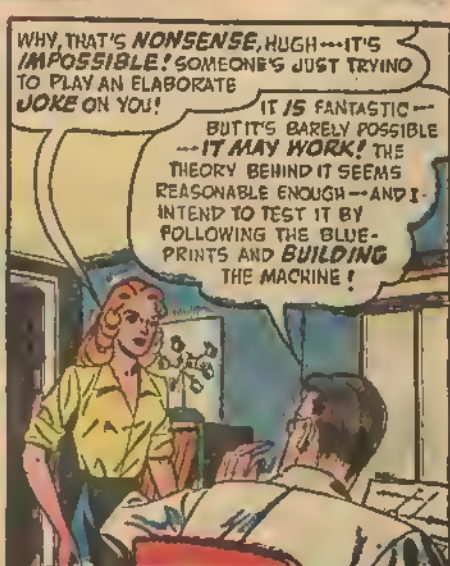
BUT WAIT—THOSE ANNOTATIONS AT THE BOTTOM! THEY LOOK COMPLICATED, BUT MAYBE I CAN DECIPHER THEM! THERE MUST BE **SOME** EXPLANATION FOR THIS WHOLE MYSTERY—AND I INTEND TO FIND THE ANSWER!



NEXT MORNING...

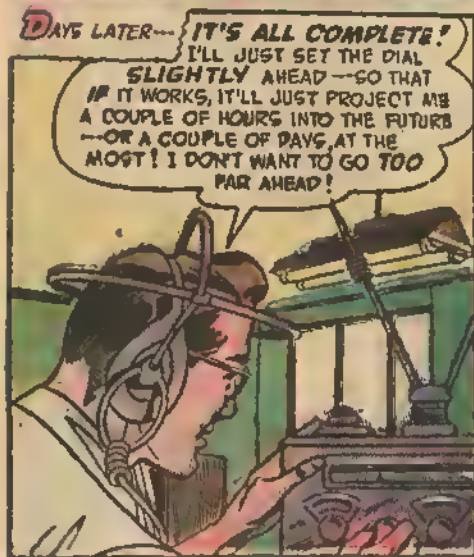
HUGH—HAVE YOU BEEN WORKING ON THOSE PRINTS ALL NIGHT?

YES, AND IT—IT SEEMS **UNBELIEVABLE, CORA**—THESE ARE THE PLANS FOR A **TIME MACHINE!** IT'S SUPPOSED TO WORK BY PRODUCING A DISPLACEMENT IN THE HYPER-TEMPORAL FIELD BY MEANS OF A POWERFUL MESOTRONIC STASIS OF THE CONTINUUM—AND ANYONE NEAR THE MACHINE'S FIELD WILL IMMEDIATELY BE PROJECTED INTO THE **FUTURE!**



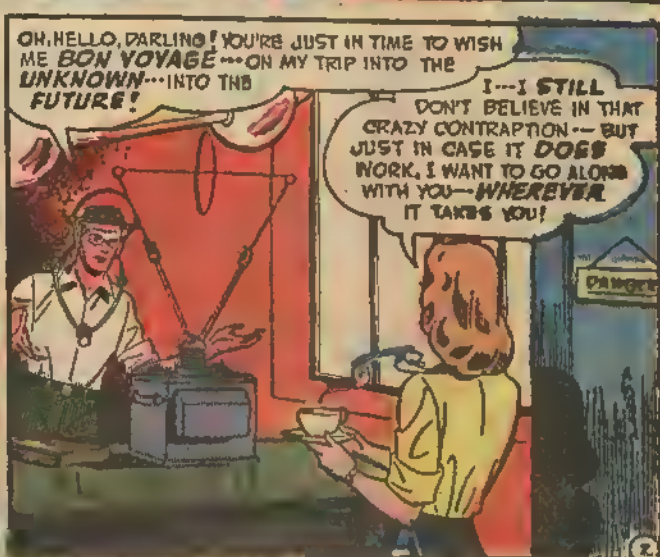
WHY, THAT'S **NONSENSE, HUGH**—IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** SOMEONE'S JUST TRYING TO PLAY AN ELABORATE JOKE ON YOU!

IT IS **FANTASTIC**—BUT IT'S BARELY POSSIBLE—**IT MAY WORK!** THE THEORY BEHIND IT SEEMS REASONABLE ENOUGH—AND I INTEND TO TEST IT BY FOLLOWING THE **BLUEPRINTS** AND **BUILDING THE MACHINE!**



DAYS LATER...

IT'S ALL COMPLETE! I'LL JUST SET THE DIAL **SLIGHTLY AHEAD**—SO THAT IF IT WORKS, IT'LL JUST PROJECT ME A COUPLE OF HOURS INTO THE FUTURE—OR A COUPLE OF DAYS, AT THE MOST! I DON'T WANT TO GO TOO FAR AHEAD!



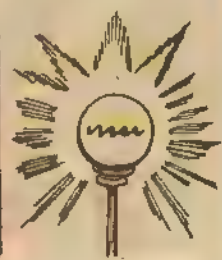
OH, HELLO, DARLING! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO WISH ME **BON VOYAGE**—ON MY TRIP INTO THE **UNKNOWN**—INTO THE **FUTURE!**

I—**I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT CRAZY CONTRAPTION**—BUT JUST IN CASE IT **DOES** WORK, I WANT TO GO ALONG WITH YOU—**WHEREVER IT TAKES YOU!**

WELL, OKAY—I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S ANY DANGER IN THIS—IT PROBABLY WON'T WORK AT ALL! BUT TO MAKE SURE, JUST HOLD TIGHTLY ON TO ME SO THAT THERE'LL BE A COMPLETE CIRCUIT WITHIN THE TEMPORAL FIELD! READY? I'LL PUSH THE PLUNGER WHEN I COUNT THREE ... **ONE...TWO...THREE!**



THE PLUNGER IS PRESSED--AND INSTANTLY COMES BLACK, SWIRLING UNCONSCIOUSNESS! CAUGHT IN THE SPIRALING VORTEX OF THE AGES--SWEEPED UP--UP THROUGH THE STRANGE DIMENSIONS OF TIME ITSELF, WHERE CENTURIES TICK AWAY LIKE SECONDS --HURTLING UP--UP THROUGH THE UNKNOWN--



...AND--INTO THE FUTURE!



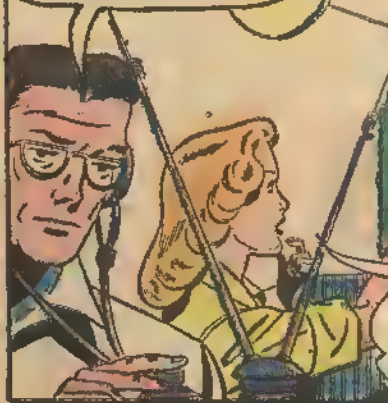
OHH--MY HEAD! WHERE--WHERE ARE WE?



YOU MEAN WHEN ARE WE--LOOK! THAT--THAT FANTASTIC CITY--WE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF YEARS INTO THE FUTURE!



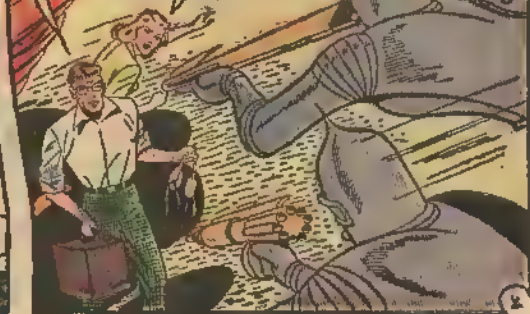
I--I GUESS I UNDERESTIMATED THE SCALE ON THE TIME MACHINE'S DIALS--EACH UNIT MUST BE A MILLIENIUM, RATHER THAN AN HOUR OR DAY! THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MANY EONS AHEAD WE'VE BEEN THROWN INTO!

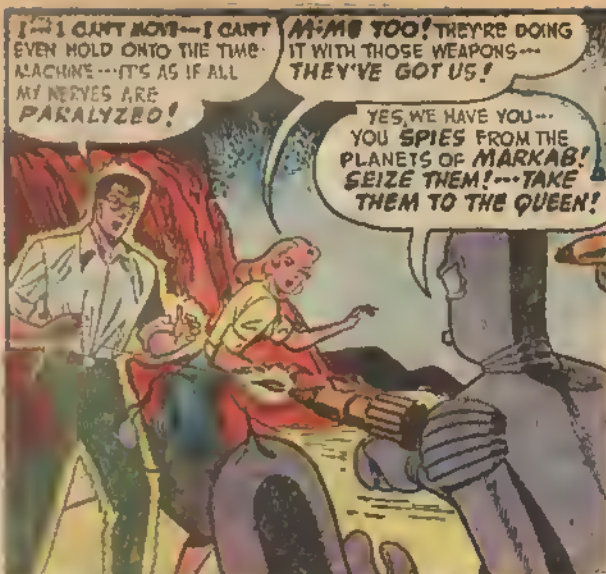


AND THERE'S NOTELLING WHAT THOSE--THOSE THINGS ARE THAT'RE SOARING TOWARDS US! LOOK!

WHY THEY--THEY'RE ROBOTS--APPARENTLY FLYING ON ANTI-GRAVITY BELTS!

WELL, WE'D BETTER START FLYING--LOOK AT THOSE STRANGE-LOOKING WEAPONS! COME ON, HUGH--RUN!





I CAN'T MOVE---I CAN'T EVEN HOLD ONTO THE TIME MACHINE---IT'S AS IF ALL MY NERVES ARE PARALYZED!

M-M-ME TOO! THEY'RE DOING IT WITH THOSE WEAPONS---THEY'VE GOT US!

YES, WE HAVE YOU--- YOU SPIES FROM THE PLANETS OF MARKAB! SEIZE THEM!---TAKE THEM TO THE QUEEN!



PUT US DOWN, YOU SCANT-LESS FOOLS! WE SPEAK YOUR LANGUAGE---ENGLISH---SO HOW CAN WE BE MARKABIANS---WHOEVER THEY ARE?

ENGLISH? OUR LANGUAGE IS N'YORKESE... NAMED AFTER N'YORK, THE CITY YOU ARE NOW IN--- THE CAPITAL OF EARTH! YOU LEARNED OUR TONGUE MERELY TO DECEIVE US IN THE WAR THAT MARKAB WAGES AGAINST OUR UNIVERSE--- AND THE QUEEN WILL SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH!



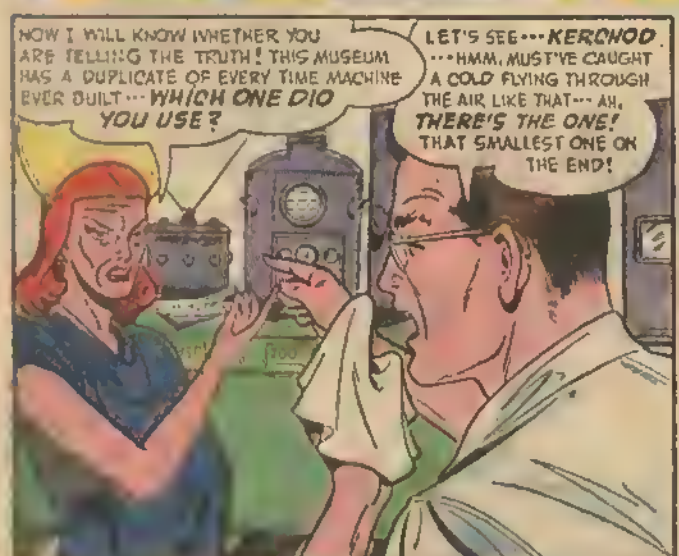
HERE ARE THE MARKABIAN SPIES WE CAPTURED, YOUR MAJESTY!

WHAT? THESE AREN'T MARKABIANS, YOU FOOLS! THEY ---THEY'RE HUMANS... BUT DRESSED IN COSTUMES THAT THE HISTORY BOOKS SAY HAVEN'T BEEN WORN FOR 12,000 YEARS! HOW DID YOU TWO GET HERE?



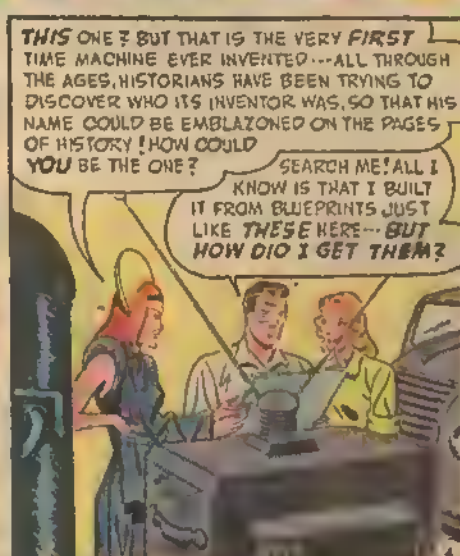
BY MEANS OF A TIME MACHINE! YOU SEE, WE---

TIME MACHINE? IMPOSSIBLE! THERE WAS NO TIME TRAVEL 12,000 YEARS AGO! MAYBE YOU ARE MARKABIAN SPIES... HUMANS WHO HAVE TURNED TRAITORS! BUT I WILL SOON FIND OUT---COME ---TO THE TIME MUSEUM!



HOW I WILL KNOW WHETHER YOU ARE TELLING THE TRUTH! THIS MUSEUM HAS A DUPLICATE OF EVERY TIME MACHINE EVER BUILT---WHICH ONE DID YOU USE?

LET'S SEE---KERCHOD...HMM, MUST'VE CAUGHT A COLD FLYING THROUGH THE AIR LIKE THAT--- AH, THERE'S THE ONE! THAT SMALLEST ONE ON THE END!



THIS ONE? BUT THAT IS THE VERY FIRST TIME MACHINE EVER INVENTED---ALL THROUGH THE AGES, HISTORIANS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO DISCOVER WHO ITS INVENTOR WAS, SO THAT HIS NAME COULD BE EMBLazonED ON THE PAGES OF HISTORY! HOW COULD YOU BE THE ONE?

SEARCH ME! ALL I KNOW IS THAT I BUILT IT FROM BLUEPRINTS JUST LIKE THESE HERE--- BUT HOW DID I GET THEM?



SUDDENLY— SO! THE
ROBOT REPORTS
WERE TRUE—
A WOMAN!



AT LAST—MY WEARY SEARCH FOR A
QUEEN IS OVER! I HAVE SEARCHED
ALL OVER EARTH FOR ANY WOMAN WHO
MAY HAVE SURVIVED THE STRANGE GAS
DROPPED BY THOSE FIENDISH
MARKABIANS WHEN THE WAR FIRST
STARTED—A GAS WHICH
APPARENTLY KILLED
ALL FEMALES BUT
YOU!

BUT—BUT I
DON'T UNDER-
STAND! WHAT
ABOUT THE
QUEEN?



HER? BAN— SHE WAS ON HER WAY
FROM MARS TO EARTH WHEN THE GAS
WAS DROPPED, AND SO SHE'S **ALIVE!**
I MADE HER **QUEEN** BECAUSE SHE
WAS THE ONLY WOMAN ON EARTH!
THERE ARE MANY MORE FEMALES
ON MARS, BUT NO MORE ROCKET-
SHIPS HAVE ARRIVED FROM THERE
BECAUSE OF THE MARKABIAN
BLOCKADE!

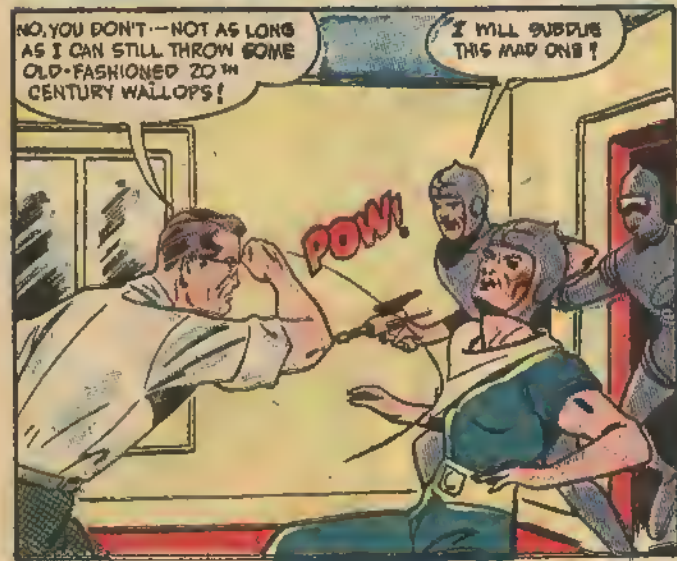


BUT NOW YOU
—YOU WILL
BE MY
CHOSEN
QUEEN!

GET YOUR HANDS
OFF MY PRINCESS!



WHAT...YOU DARE
TO LAY YOUR
HANDS ON THE
KING?
GUARDS!



NO, YOU DON'T—NOT AS LONG
AS I CAN STILL THROW SOME
OLD-FASHIONED 20TH
CENTURY WALLOPS!

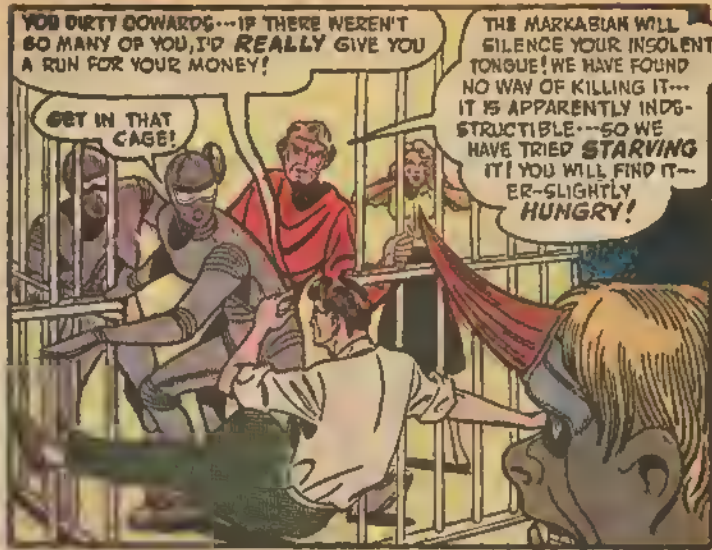
I WILL SUBDUCE
THIS MAD ONE!

POW!



WHA—WHERE ARE YOU?
CAN'T SEE A THING—
K—KERCHOO!

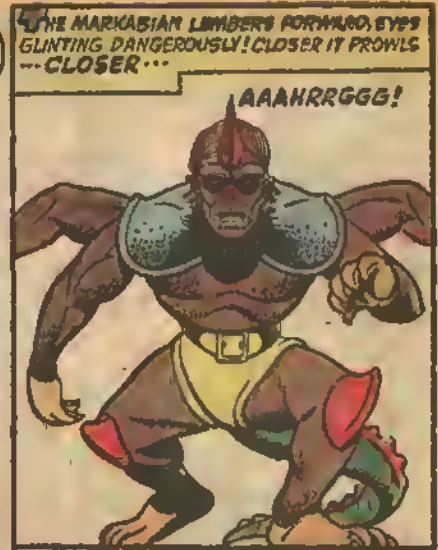
EXCELLENT! NOW
SEIZE HIM AND
THROW HIM IN THE
CAGE WITH THE
MARKABIAN WE
CAPTURED! **NAH**
—THAT WILL BE
A SIGHT!



YOU DIRTY SCOUNDRELS---IF THERE WEREN'T SO MANY OF YOU, I'D REALLY GIVE YOU A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY!

GET IN THAT CAGE!

THE MARKABIAN WILL SILENCE YOUR INSOLENT TONGUE! WE HAVE FOUND NO WAY OF KILLING IT---IT IS APPARENTLY INDestructIBLE---SO WE HAVE TRIED STARVING IT! YOU WILL FIND IT---ER---SLIGHTLY HUNGRY!



THE MARKABIAN LUMBERS FORWARD, EYES GLINTING DANGEROUSLY! CLOSER IT PROWLs ---CLOSER---

AAAARRGGG!

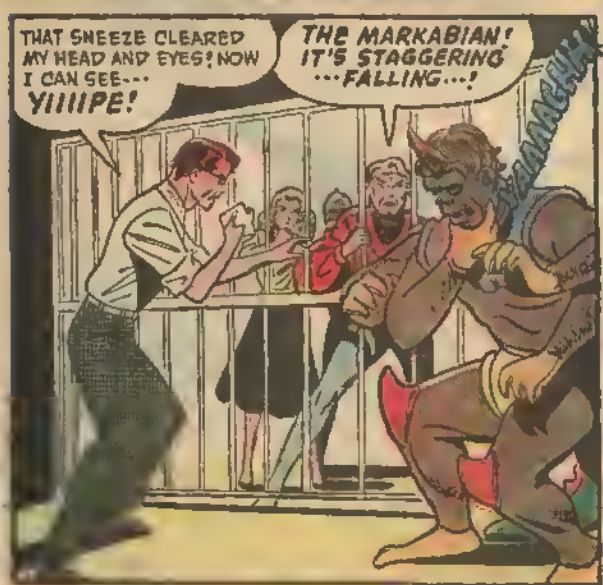


OH!! NO! NO!

WHAT IS IT, CORA? CAN'T SEE---THAT GAS---OR MAYBE IT'S MY COLD THAT'S MAKING MY EYES TEAR SO MUCH---K...KER---

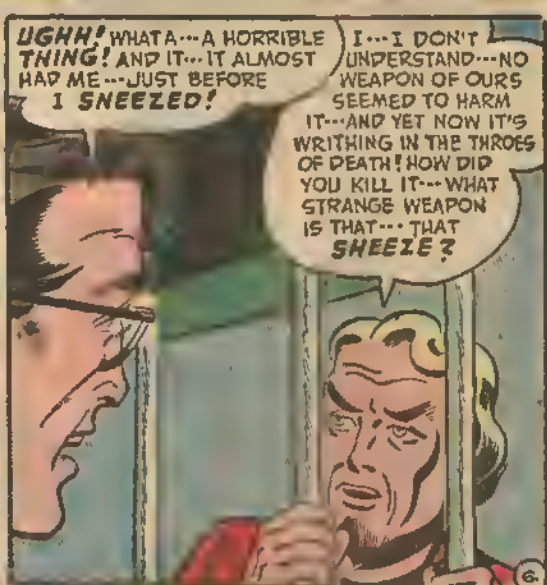


CHOOOOO!!



THAT SNEEZE CLEARED MY HEAD AND EYES! NOW I CAN SEE---YIIIIPE!

THE MARKABIAN! IT'S STAGGERING---FALLING---



UGH!! WHAT A---A HORRIBLE THING! AND IT---IT ALMOST HAD ME---JUST BEFORE I SNEEZED!

I---I DON'T UNDERSTAND---NO WEAPON OF OURS SEEMED TO HARM IT---AND YET NOW IT'S WRITHING IN THE THROES OF DEATH! HOW DID YOU KILL IT---WHAT STRANGE WEAPON IS THAT---THAT SNEEZE?

A SNEEZE? DON'T YOU KNOW? IT'S THE USUAL SYMPTOM OF A COLD---YOU KNOW, THE DISEASE CAUSED BY THE CORYZA VIRUS!

CORYZA? WAIT! NOW I REMEMBER---FROM THE HISTORY BOOKS---THE DISEASE WAS WIPED OUT IN THE FOURTH MILLENIUM! BUT NOW THAT WE KNOW THE VIRUS IS FATAL TO MARKABIANS, OUR SCIENTISTS WILL SYNTHESIZE IT! AT LAST WE HAVE THE WEAPON TO DESTROY THE ENTIRE MARKABIAN RACE! THE HUMAN RACE IS SAVED!

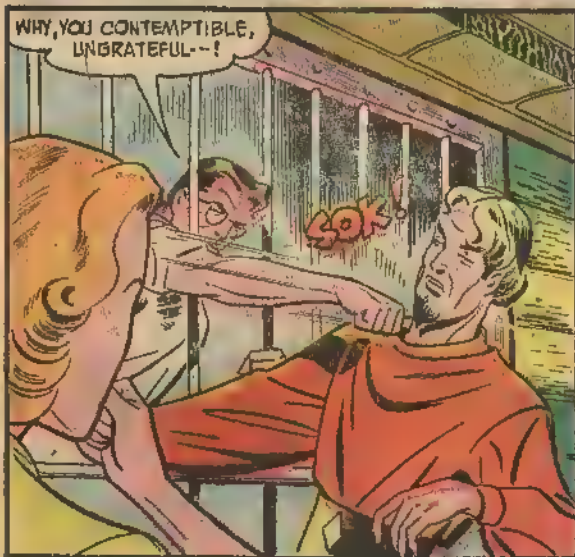


GREAT--THAT MEANS WE'RE SAVED, TOO! NOW YOU CAN RELEASE ME AS A REWARD FOR GIVING YOU THE SECRET, AND YOU CAN LET MY FIANCEE GO---SINCE YOU CAN NOW CHOOSE YOUR QUEEN FROM THE WOMEN ON MARS!

NO! YOU SEE, I'VE TAKEN A LIKING TO THE GIRL! SHE'S TO BE MINE!



WHY, YOU CONTEMPTIBLE, UNGRATEFUL--!



LET THAT TEACH--OHNN! I---I'M PARALYZED AGAIN---CAN'T MOVE---

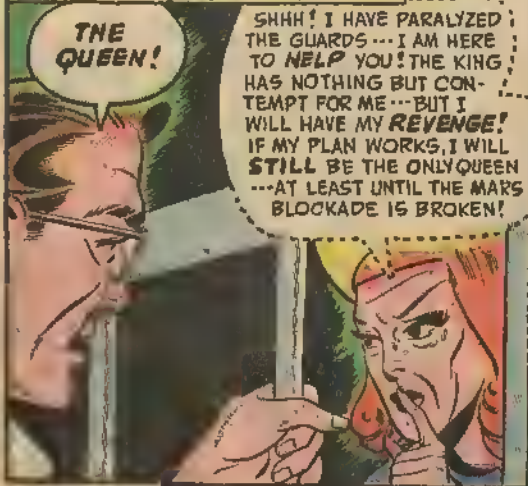
INSOLENT DOG! YOU WILL PAY FOR STRIKING THE KING! YOU DIE TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT, THE SILENCE OF THE DUNGEON IS BROKEN BY A STEALTHY FOOTFALL---A SHADOWY FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE DARKNESS---

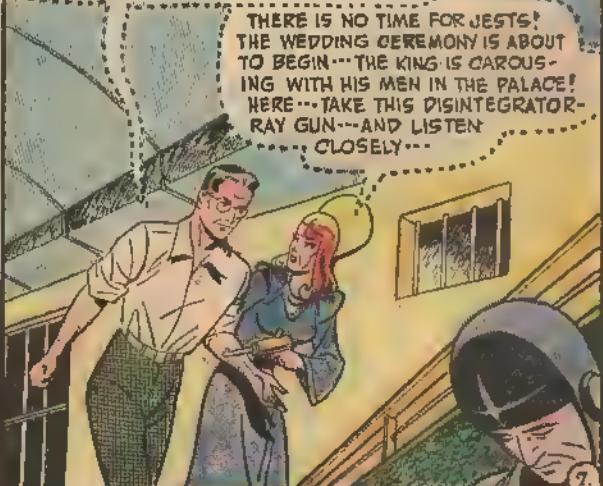
THE QUEEN!

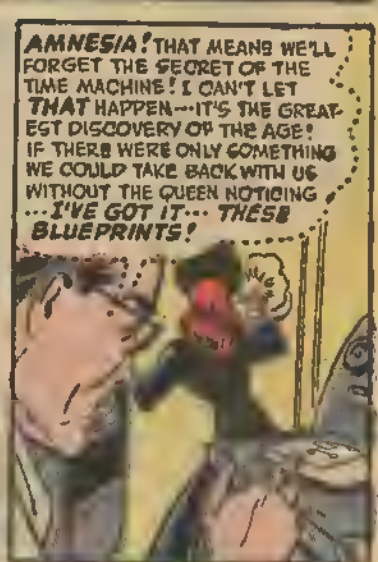
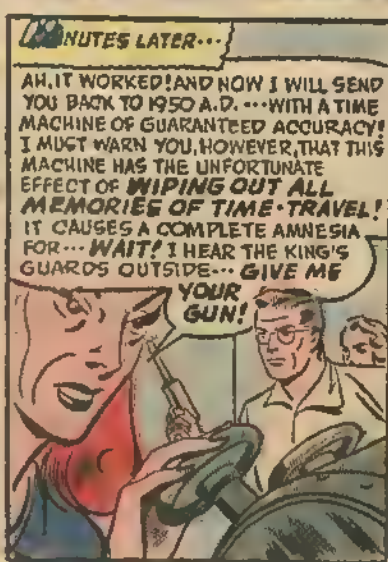
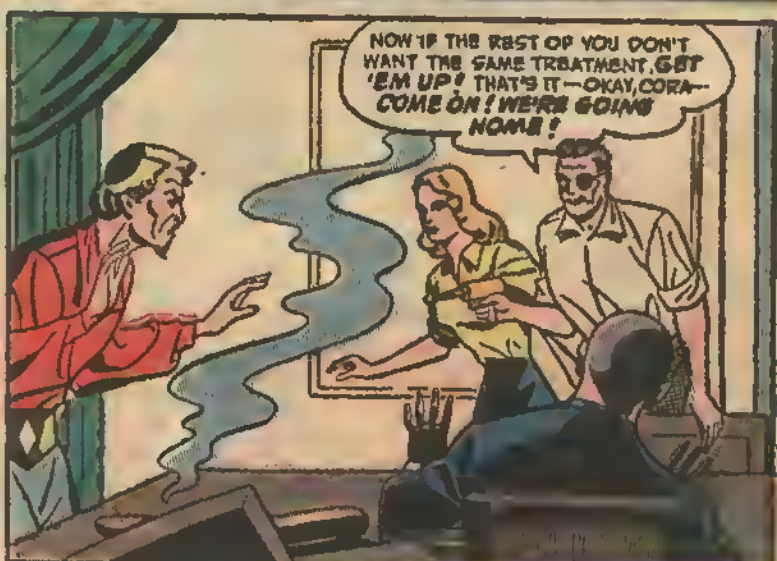
SHHH! I HAVE PARALYZED THE GUARDS---I AM HERE TO HELP YOU! THE KING HAS NOTHING BUT CONTEMPT FOR ME---BUT I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE! IF MY PLAN WORKS, I WILL STILL BE THE ONLY QUEEN---AT LEAST UNTIL THE MARS BLOCKADE IS BROKEN!



THANKS, OLD GIRL! IF YOU EVER DO ANY TIME-TRAVELING AROUND HOBOKEN IN THE 20TH CENTURY, GIVE ME A BUZZ---AND I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU!

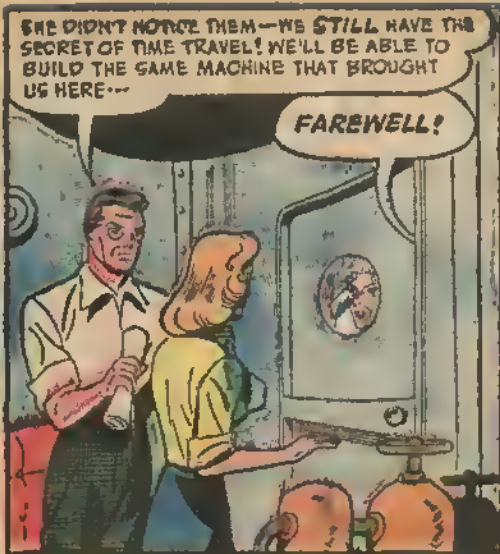
THERE IS NO TIME FOR JESTS! THE WEDDING CEREMONY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN---THE KING IS CAROUSING WITH HIS MEN IN THE PALACE! HERE---TAKE THIS DISINTEGRATOR-RAY GUN---AND LISTEN CLOSELY---







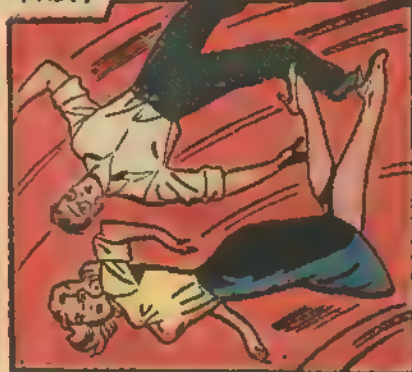
LENN— I'VE HELD THEM OFF FOR A WHILE! QUICKLY—INTO THIS TIME MACHINE BEFORE THEY COME BACK!



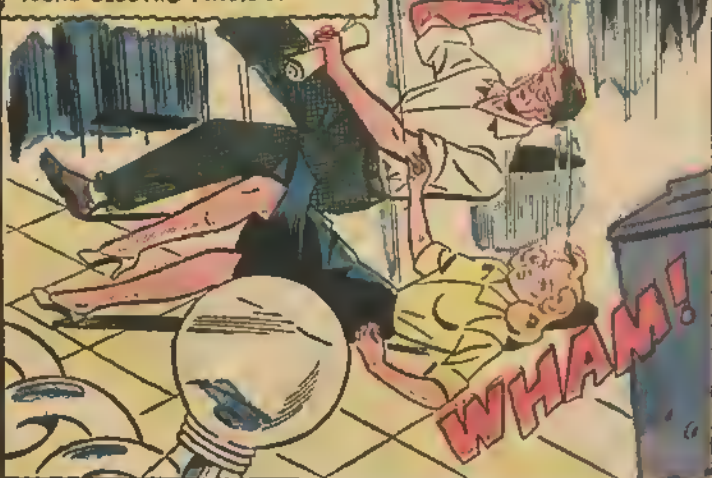
WE DIDN'T NOTICE THEM—WE STILL HAVE THE SECRET OF TIME TRAVEL! WE'LL BE ABLE TO BUILD THE SAME MACHINE THAT BROUGHT US HERE—

FAREWELL!

A GAIN A BLINDING LIGHT AND BLACK UNCONSCIOUSNESS... BUT THIS TIME, SUCKED DOWN INTO THE SPIRALLING VORTEX OF TIME... DOWN... DOWN THROUGH THE COUNTLESS AGES, THROUGH UNTOLD MILLENNIA, WHILE THE CLOCK OF THE CENTURIES WHIRLS BACKWARDS... INTO THE PAST!



THE YEAR: 1950! THE PLACE: LABORATORY OF HUGH MARTINSON, YOUNG ELECTRO-PHYSICIST...



MOMENTS LATER...

OH HH—MY HEAD—!

WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED? CORA—ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I—I THINK I'M OKAY, HUGH... EXCEPT THAT I CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING! IT—IT MUST BE AMNESIA! ... SAY! WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND?

THEY... THEY LOOK LIKE **BLUEPRINTS**... BUT I NEVER SAW THEM BEFORE! MY MIND IS A BLANK, TOO... BUT MAYBE THE PRINTS WILL GIVE US A CLUE AS TO WHAT HAPPENED! **WHERE IN THE WORLD DID I GET THEM?**

WE KNOW WHERE HE GOT THEM—DON'T WE, READER? AND WE KNOW SOMETHING ELSE, TOO... THAT HUGH AND CORA ARE BACK WHERE THEY STARTED, CAUGHT UP IN A STRANGE SET OF SINISTER FORCES! AND IT'S ALL GOING TO BEGIN AGAIN... THEY'RE DESTINED TO LIVE THROUGH THE SAME ADVENTURE OVER AND OVER! WILL IT NEVER END... WILL TIME STAND STILL FOR THEM WHILE THEY SHUTTLE ENDLESSLY BETWEEN THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE? ONLY THE GREAT **UNKNOWN** CAN TELL THE ANSWER!



Behind the PAINTING

CEDRIC FARNSWORTH looked curiously at the postmark on the large parcel he had just received. Strange, he didn't know anyone in Brahmputra, India. Perhaps it was from some art collector who had read and admired his syndicated column of art criticism, which appeared in hundreds of newspapers all over the world. But then, as he leaned over to decipher the scrawling signature in the upper left-hand corner of the package, the noted art-critic suddenly leered in recognition of the name.

"So it's from Rhamandas Bahadur Singh," Farnsworth murmured. "Ah, how well I remember that name—the name which became a laughing-stock throughout the entire world of art as a result of the ridicule I heaped on it!"

Yes, Farnsworth would never forget the pleasure he'd gotten out of heaping scorn on Singh's masterpieces when the young Indian artist had held his first one-man show in New York two years ago. The moment he had laid eyes on Singh's work, he'd known that the Indian was a true genius—that never before or since would the world see paintings which gave such amazing three-dimensional effects on canvas. Looking at one of Singh's landscapes almost made Farnsworth feel that he could walk right into the picture.

But because Farnsworth had been a frustrated failure as an artist himself, he'd spent all his years as an art critic praising mediocre artists, while destroying every true genius who appeared—heaping such sarcasm and villification upon the artist's work that most of them withered beneath the mockery, and never dared show their paintings in public again. And that, of

course, was exactly what Farnsworth wanted—for he could not bear to see anyone really worthy succeed where he had failed.

And Singh, whose package Farnsworth was now unwrapping, had been one of his most pitiful victims. The shy, sensitive, almost other-worldly artist had fled back to India after he'd read the scathing criticisms in Farnsworth's column—and he'd never shown another of his paintings—WAIT! This parcel Farnsworth had just unwrapped—it was a painting—a painting of a door that had the incredible three-dimensional quality of utter reality!

Farnsworth stretched out a hand to touch the painting—and his hand felt the cold brass of the painted door-knob! Astonished, he found that he could turn the knob, and that the painted door actually seemed to open inwards. As though bewitched, he stepped through the elaborate frame that bordered the painting, and found that he was in a dark room just beyond the painted door. He made a few hesitant steps into the room—and then heard the door click behind him! In a sudden panic, he rushed toward it, found that there was no inside knob or projection of any kind—and began pounding and shrieking at the unheeding door with all his might.

Rhamandas Bahadur Singh, the Indian artist-mystic who had learned the secret of three-dimensional painting, stood behind the shrieking Farnsworth in the dark room for a few enjoyable moments—and then reached out a hand to silence the infamous art critic forever.

DEMON in the DARK



Can a will that dominates the minds of men go a step further -- and control the beings that swirl and gibber in the murk of midnight? This is the story of a hypnotist who dared to try -- whose mad mastery over the powers of blackness led him to a shuddering encounter with **THE DEMON IN THE DARK!**

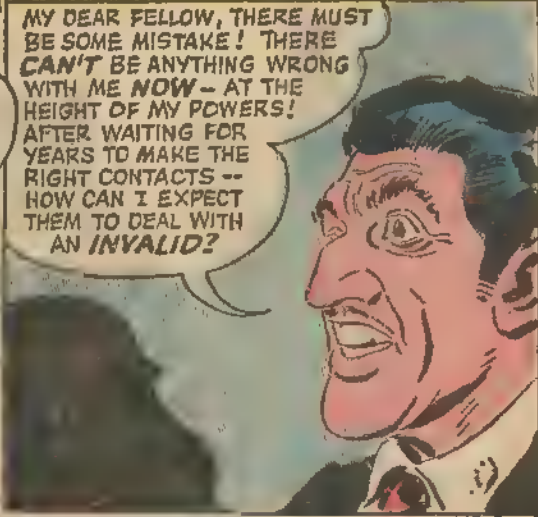
"I HADN'T SEEN MY OLD FRIEND, KEVIN JOHNSON, FOR NEARLY TWENTY YEARS! DURING THAT TIME, HE HAD BECOME A DOCTOR -- WHILE I, AS MOST OF THE WORLD KNEW, HAD WON BRILLIANT FAME AS WIZARDI -- THE MASTER HYPNOTIST!"

HERE I'VE COME TO SEE ABOUT THIS SLIGHT DIZZINESS THAT'S BEEN TROUBLING ME, DOCTOR -- AND I WIND UP TALKING FOR AN HOUR ABOUT MY TREMENDOUS PLANS FOR THE FUTURE!

I'M GLAD YOU DID -- IT'S GIVEN ME TIME TO COMPLETE MY DIAGNOSIS! THERE'S NO USE MINCING WORDS, WIZARDI -- YOUR ILLNESS IS FAR MORE SERIOUS THAN YOU THINK!

"IMAGINE NOW THOSE WORDS HIT ME! I, SICK -- WIZARDI, WHO WAS READY TO WIN ENDURING FAME THROUGH THE MINDS OF MILLIONS?"

MY DEAR FELLOW, THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING WRONG WITH ME NOW -- AT THE HEIGHT OF MY POWERS! AFTER WAITING FOR YEARS TO MAKE THE RIGHT CONTACTS -- HOW CAN I EXPECT THEM TO DEAL WITH AN INVALID?

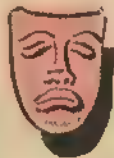


SPEAKING AS YOUR FRIEND AS WELL AS A DOCTOR -- MAYBE THERE'S A WAY OUT! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH OF YOUR PLAN TO REALIZE WHAT A TREMENDOUS THING IT IS -- AND I'M READY TO STRIKE A BARGAIN! WITHOUT MY HELP, YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP THE WHOLE IDEA -- UNLESS YOU'RE READY FOR AN OUTRIGHT PARTNERSHIP!

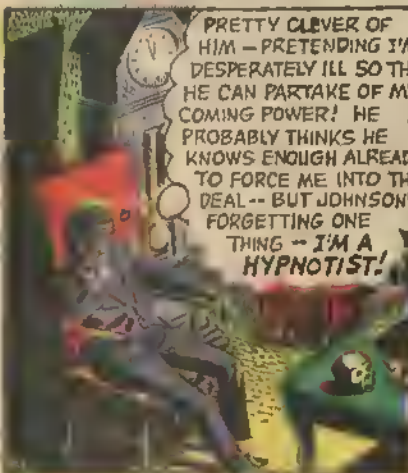
YOU WANT ME TO SHARE SOMETHING I WORKED TOWARD FOR HALF A LIFE- TIME -- SOMETHING I'M DESTINED TO CARRY OUT? WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO POWER -- POWER WITHOUT LIMIT?

BECAUSE I KNOW YOUR LIMIT, WIZARDI, AND CAN FORESEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU WHEN YOU REACH IT! IS THAT ENOUGH?

YES -- YES! PROMISE TO HELP ME -- AND IT WILL BE ENOUGH! COME TO MY PLACE TONIGHT, JUST BEFORE TWELVE -- AND PERHAPS YOU'LL LEARN WHY I'VE GIVEN IN SO READILY!



"JUST BEFORE TWELVE... THESE WERE THE SHADOWS IN WHICH I HAD BROODED, ALONE, FOR SO LONG -- AND NOW -- AS I WAITED FOR DR. JOHNSON --"



PRETTY CLEVER OF HIM -- PRETENDING I'M DESPERATELY ILL SO THAT HE CAN PARTAKE OF MY COMING POWER! HE PROBABLY THINKS HE KNOWS ENOUGH ALREADY TO FORCE ME INTO THE DEAL -- BUT JOHNSON'S FORGETTING ONE THING -- I'M A HYPNOTIST!

YES... I'LL GIVE THE GOOD DOCTOR A GLIMPSE OF THE CONTACTS I MENTIONED -- AND IF THAT DOESN'T SCARE HIM OUT OF WANTING TO SHARE MY COMING POWER -- I'LL DO IT THROUGH HYPNOSIS!



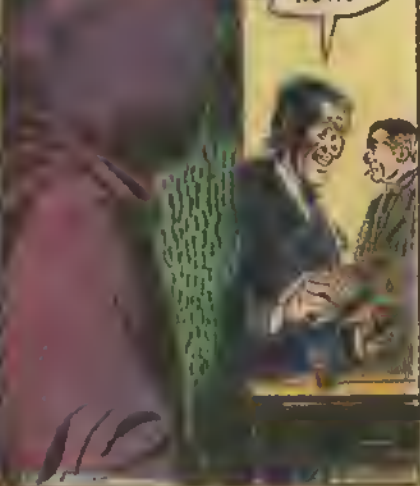
"THERE SEEMED TO BE SOMETHING CRAFTY IN DR. JOHNSON'S MANNER WHEN HE ARRIVED -- AND SILENTLY, I GLOATED! IN JUST A FEW MINUTES, THIS FOOL WHO WANTED POWER WOULD BE CRINGING IN PANIC -- BEGGING TO BE RELEASED FROM OUR BARGAIN!"

QUITE AN INTERESTING PLACE YOU'VE GOT, WIZARDI -- BUT RATHER ON THE CLAMMY SIDE, ISN'T IT? HOW ABOUT A SPOT OF WINE?

OFF-HAND, DOCTOR -- AN EXCELLENT IDEA!



BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK WINE WILL STAVE OFF THIS KIND OF CHILL, DOCTOR? HAVEN'T YOU ANY NOTION OF THE POWERS I HAVE IN MIND -- EVEN NOW?



"I WATCHED THEM HOVER IN AS I HANDED DR. JOHNSON HIS GLASS -- WAITING FOR THE SHOCK OF HORROR THAT WOULD WHITEN HIS FACE WHEN HE TURNED HIS HEAD!"

WELL, MY FRIEND -- WHAT SHALL WE DRINK TO? OUR PARTNERSHIP?

I HAVE A BETTER SUGGESTION! HERE'S TO YOUR SPEEDY RECOVERY!



THOUGHTFUL
OF YOU TO THINK
OF ME, DOCTOR--
AT A TIME
LIKE THIS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
ON YOUR MIND--BUT
I CAN TELL YOU WHAT'S
ON MINE! THERE'S
SOMETHING EVIL AND
ABNORMAL IN THIS
ROOM, WIZARD!--
SOMETHING LIKE A
LIVING CURSE!

ARE YOU AFRAID TO FACE IT? THERE'S
WHAT I BROUGHT YOU TO SEE--- THE
DEMONS OF EVIL WHO WILL
MAKE WIZARD!
GREAT!

DEMONS!
--GODD
LORD!

"VOICES LIKE THE CREAK OF WIND-TOSSED
BRANCHES -- VOICES HOLLOW AS AN EMPTY
TOMB! WHAT MORE HAD I TO SAY--NOW
THAT THEY SPOKE?"

WHAT IS THE
WORLD OF MEN--
BUT WHAT IS
IN THE MINDS
OF MEN?

AND WHAT WILL BE
IN THE MINDS OF
MEN--AND WHAT
WILL BE IN THE WORLD--
AFTER WIZARD!
IMPLANTS WHAT
HE LEARNED
FROM US?

THIS CAN'T BE ENTIRELY
YOUR IDEA, WIZARD!
THERE'S SOMEONE OR
SOMETHING BRIDGING THE
GAP BETWEEN YOU AND
THEM -- AND THAT'S
WHAT I'M INTERESTED
IN!

DID YOU HEAR
THEM, DOCTOR?
IS THERE ANYTHING
MORE TREMENDOUS
THAN EVIL--EVIL I CAN
CONTROL AFTER
ROOTING IT IN MILLIONS
OF MINDS THROUGH
MASS HYPNOTISM?

"UNEASILY, I WATCHED
DR. JOHNSON OUT OF THE
CORNER OF MY EYE! WAS
THE MAN INSANE-- THAT HE
COULD STAND FACE TO FACE
WITH TERROR WITHOUT
TURNING A HAIR?"

YOU FOOL--IS THAT
WHAT BROUGHT YOU
HERE-- THE FOOLISH
THOUGHT THAT I COULD
BE SPIED ON AND
TURNED OVER TO THE
POLICE LIKE A COMMON
CRIMINAL? GET
AWAY FROM THAT
PHONE!

YES--THE DEMON IN THE DARK!
HE IS THE ONE WHOSE VOICE I
NEVER HEAR--WHOSE FACE I NEVER
SEE -- BUT IT WAS THROUGH
HIM THAT I LEARNED WHAT
EVIL CAN DO!

AND NOW, DOCTOR--
HOW DO YOU FEEL
ABOUT OUR FACT?
ARE YOU ALARMED
BY WHAT
CONFRONTS
YOU?

FRANKLY,
YES! AND
I'M AFRAID
THE TIME HAS
COME TO DO
SOMETHING
ABOUT IT!

"MY OWN VOICE SOUNDED STRANGE AS MY FINGERS FLUTTERED BEFORE THE DOCTOR'S FACE -- BUT THEY WERE WATCHING! THIS WAS THE TEST I COULD NOT FAIL -- THE PROOF OF MY ABILITY TO DOMINATE A HUMAN WILL!"

YOU WILL NOT
USE THE PHONE!
YOU WILL STEP
TOWARD ME --
SLOWLY --
SLOWLY...



NOW, DOCTOR -- WE WILL
SEE HOW MUCH YOU CAN
FORGET! THERE IS NO
ONE HERE BUT YOU
AND MYSELF! SAY IT --
BELIEVE
IT!

WIZARDI,
THERE IS
NO ONE HERE
BUT YOU
AND MYSELF...



SORRY, WIZARDI -- BUT I'M DOING THIS
FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! THIS AFTERNOON
I MENTIONED KNOWING YOUR LIMIT -- AND
I THINK YOU'VE REACHED IT! THAT'S
WHY I DROPPED A STRONG SEDATIVE
INTO YOUR WINE -- THOUGH ASIDE
FROM AFFECTING YOUR HYPNOTIC
POWERS, IT DOESN'T SEEM TO
HAVE DONE MUCH GOOD!

HAH! YOU THINK YOU
CAN THWART THE EVIL
I'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT --
THE EVIL YOU'VE
SEEN -- WITH A MERE
SEDATIVE?



"YES, THEY WERE WATCHING -- AND AS DR. JOHNSON
ADVANCED, HIS EYES STARED FIXEDLY --"



--AND I DO
BELIEVE IT!



"THE DEMON IN THE DARK SEEMED TO HOVER
CLOSER AS I RAISED THE POKER -- THE ROOM
AND DR. JOHNSON SEEMED TO WHIRL TOGETHER
--AND THEN --"



"EVIL WAS SOMETHING I WAS SUPPOSED TO CONTROL--NOT THIS WILD REVEL THAT BROKE SUDDENLY AROUND ME--THIS CAPERING CHORUS THAT WELCOMED DEATH!"



WHO IS HERE NOW, WIZARD? ONLY YOURSELF--ONLY YOURSELF!

"PANTING, I BORE MY BURDEN OUT OF THE HOUSE--AND THERE--WHERE THE DARKNESS SEEMED ONE BLACK, UNBLINKING EYE--"

JUST A FEW MORE FEET--JUST A FEW MORE! HIS BODY IS GETTING LIGHTER--LIGHTER!



"THEN--AS MOONLIGHT JEWELED THE LEAPING WATER--"

DR. JOHNSON!

SOMEONE IS HELPING ME CARRY IT!

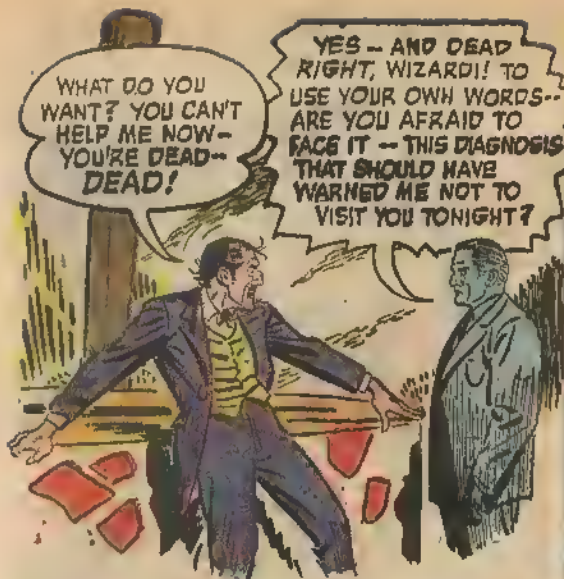
NOT AS MUCH AS I COULD HAVE HELPED YOU, MY FRIEND!

YOU SOUND AS IF YOU KNOW ME--AS IF YOU HAD AN IHKLING OF WHAT LIES BEHIND MY POWER!

MORE THAN AN IHKLING! I KNOW YOU--AND I KNOW THE DEMON IN THE DARK AND I KNOW YOUR LIMIT, WIZARD!



SPLASH!



WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU CAN'T HELP ME NOW-- YOU'RE DEAD-- DEAD!

YES -- AND DEAD RIGHT, WIZARD! TO USE YOUR OWN WORDS-- ARE YOU AFRAID TO FACE IT -- THIS DIAGNOSIS THAT SHOULD HAVE WARNED ME NOT TO VISIT YOU TONIGHT?



"FEAR CLUTCHED THE COLD LUMP THAT WAS MY HEART! BUT I WAS THE MASTER OF EVIL -- SURE OF MY POWER -- SURE OF MY STARK AND SILENT REFUGE!"

ARE YOU GOING TO SPEAK OF MY ILLNESS AGAIN -- YOU, WHO AREN'T EVEN ALIVE? FOOL-- WHAT KIND OF DOCTOR ARE YOU?

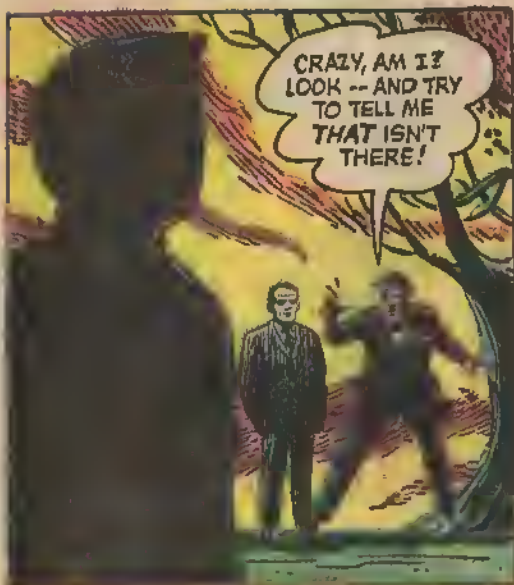
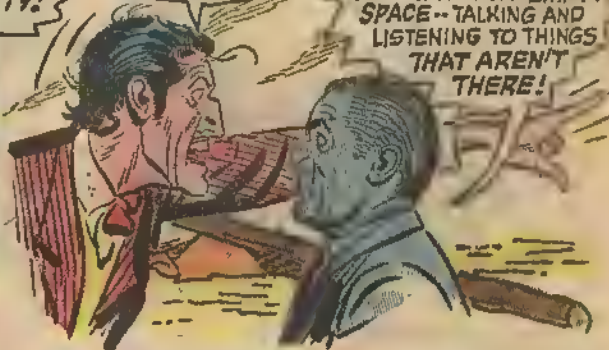
THE KIND YOU NEEDED, WIZARD! --A PSYCHIATRIST!



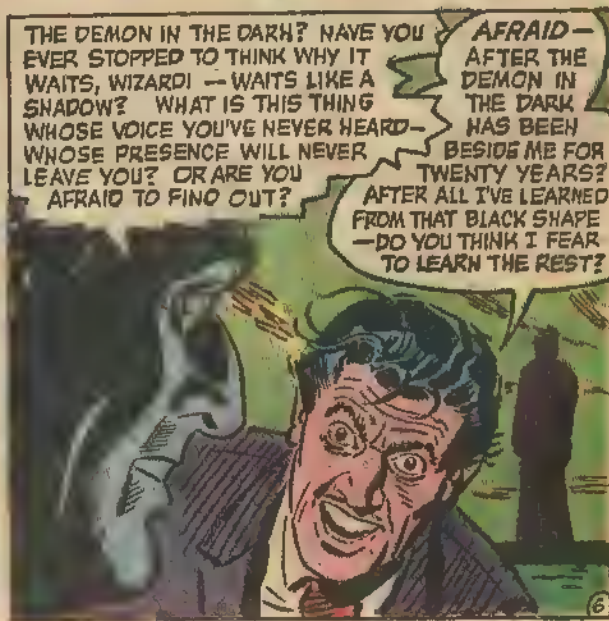
I KNEW WHAT WAS WRONG WITH YOU AFTER THE FIRST HALF-HOUR YOU SPENT IN MY OFFICE-- THE TYPE OF INSANITY KNOWN AS SCHIZOPHRENIA-- OR SPLIT PERSONALITY!

DON'T TRY THAT APPROACH! DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU DETECTED SOMETHING EVIL AND ABNORMAL IN THERE -- DIDN'T YOU SEE IT?

YES --AND WHAT I MEANT WAS YOU! EVIL IN THE WAY YOUR TWISTED MIND DREAMS OF SINISTER POWER-- ABNORMAL IN THE WAY YOU STARE INTO EMPTY SPACE-- TALKING AND LISTENING TO THINGS THAT AREN'T THERE!



CRAZY, AM I? LOOK -- AND TRY TO TELL ME THAT ISN'T THERE!

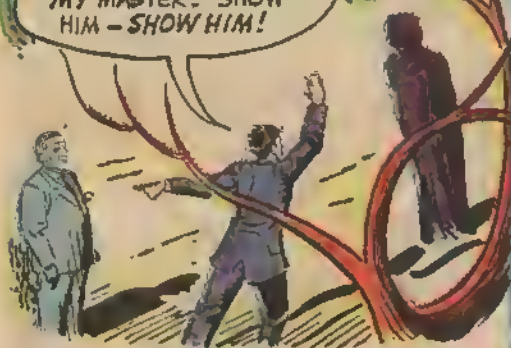


THE DEMON IN THE DARK? HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK WHY IT WAITS, WIZARD! -- WAITS LIKE A SHADOW? WHAT IS THIS THING WHOSE VOICE YOU'VE NEVER HEARD-- WHOSE PRESENCE WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU? OR ARE YOU AFRAID TO FIND OUT?

AFRAID -- AFTER THE DEMON IN THE DARK HAS BEEN BESIDE ME FOR TWENTY YEARS? AFTER ALL I'VE LEARNED FROM THAT BLACK SHAPE -- DO YOU THINK I FEAR TO LEARN THE REST?

"THE DEMON IN THE DARK STIRRED AT THE SOUND OF MY HURRIED FOOTSTEPS--GLIDING TO MEET ME IN THE RIPPLING MOONLIGHT!"

I AM THE MASTER OF EVIL--AND YOU ARE MY MASTER! SHOW HIM--SHOW HIM!



"A TYPE OF INSANITY KNOWN AS SPLIT PERSONALITY WIZARDI," REPEATED THE DOCTOR'S VOICE--AND THEN I STARED AT THE THING THAT WAS ONE WITH THE GLOOM, AND ONE WITH --"

...MYSELF!



DOESN'T THAT CRACKPOT WIZARD! EVER DO ANYTHING BUT WRITE THIS BATTY ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE, JOE?



MAYBE IT'S ALL TO THE GOOD! WHEN WE TAKE AWAY HIS PEN, HE JUST STANDS IN A CORNER OF HIS CELL IN THAT WEIRD COSTUME--NEITHER TALKING NOR MOVING--JUST AS IF HE WAS WAITING FOR SOMETHING!

THE DR. KEVIN JOHNSON MEMORIAL SANITARIUM

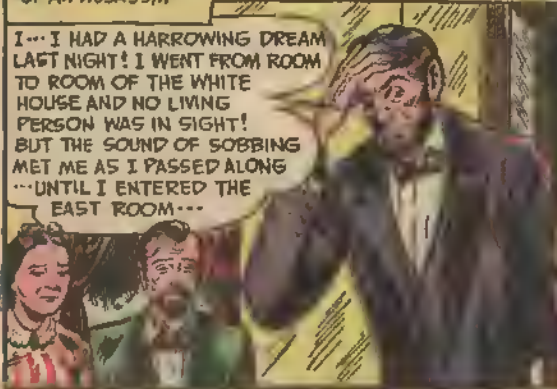
WRITING AND WAITING--WAITING AND WRITING! SOMETIMES I CAN'T HELP FEELING IT'S SORT OF CREEPY--SPENDING TWENTY YEARS LIKE THAT--IN AN ASYLUM DEDICATED TO THE MAN HE KILLED!



Lincoln's STRANGE VISION

A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS TRAGIC DEATH AT THE HANDS OF AN ASSASSIN...

I... I HAD A HARROWING DREAM LAST NIGHT! I WENT FROM ROOM TO ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE AND NO LIVING PERSON WAS IN SIGHT! BUT THE SOUND OF SOBBING MET ME AS I PASSED ALONG...UNTIL I ENTERED THE EAST ROOM...



THERE BEFORE ME WAS A CATAFALQUE, AROUND WHICH WERE STATIONED SOLDIERS ACTING AS GUARDS...AND THERE WAS A THROG OF PEOPLE SOBBING AND GAZING MOURNFULLY DOWN...



B APPROACHED, AND SAW A CORPSE WRAPPED IN FUNERAL VESTMENTS...AND I WAS SMITTEN WITH A DESIRE TO KNOW WHO IT MIGHT BE...

WHO IS DEAD IN THE WHITE HOUSE?

DON'T YOU KNOW?



IT'S THE PRESIDENT... HE WAS KILLED BY AN ASSASSIN!



THEN CAME A LOUD BURST OF GRIEF FROM THE CROWD, WHICH WOKE ME! I SLEPT NO MORE THAT NIGHT, AND THOUGH IT WAS ONLY A DREAM, I HAVE BEEN STRANGELY TROUBLED BY IT EVER SINCE...



A FEW DAYS LATER, PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS DEAD OF AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET...AND HIS STRANGE VISION HAD COME TRUE!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

OF ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN, published Monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for Oct 1st, 1950.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc. 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 180 West 183rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc., 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, New York; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation; the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me (this 29th day of September, 1950.

Nat C. Cherman, Notary Public, State of New York (My commission expires March 30, 1951)

BOYS! GIRLS!

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I am enclosing 25¢ and the front cover of a Smith Bros. box, and I want for which please send me a Western Saddle Ring.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Smith Brothers, P. O. Box 1150, Providence, R. I.

EDITOR



It seems like only yesterday that we sat down together to thresh things out, doesn't it? And one reason for that is, as you know, that "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" now proudly bears the designation of a monthly magazine. No longer must you wait through that interminably long two-month stretch for the next copy of your favorite comicee book of the supernatural. It will be with you each and every month now--just as long as you continue to extend the fine and faithful support that has helped to build our magazine into the greatest of its kind that America has ever known. And remember--we're counting on your loyalty! That means not missing a single issue--and telling your friends and relatives about what we're trying to do!

You know what we're trying to do--and we'd like to tell the world about it! We want to make "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" a household word throughout the nation. We want to make the great "*Unknown*"--the world of the great supernatural--a thing of fascinating and gripping interest for you. So far, we've succeeded--we have your

word for it! And now that our book is a monthly, we owe it to you to redouble our efforts towards presenting the most challenging and actionful magazine you've ever read! That's what we've striven towards in this present issue. You'll find a new and startling approach towards a tense and age-old subject in "*Vigil Among The Vampires*." Then there's an exciting venture into weird super-science in "*Adventure Into The Future*". "*Demon In The Dark*" is a new type of story, delving into the mystical reaches of a tortured mind and packing a supernatural punch that's hard to beat. Not to mention "*Ghost Tiger*", a thriller jammed chockful of eerie excitement--and "*Spirit of Frankenstein*", an old favorite back for an adventurous repeat performance!

Whew--we've allowed ourselves to become so carried away with honest enthusiasm that we almost forgot a specialty of this department--namely, bringing you a few representative specimens from our overflowing mail-bag. We can't miss that, so here goes with some of the opinions that our faithful fans have been sending in!

"Dear Editor:-

As an "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" fan, I wish to express my sincere appreciation for some fine reading. I have followed every thrilling issue with inspired awe and expectation. I have noticed many other magazines on the stands lately which deal with the supernatural, but none can compete with yours! Stories such as "*The Living Ghost*", "*Marriage of Death*", "*Giants of The Unknown*", and "*Sold To Satan*" to my fancy never can be beat. I, like a few other fans, am anxious to see more stories of "*The Living Ghost*". Thanks again for some swell reading--and I'll be looking forward to the next issue!

- Charles E. Steed, Bay City, Mich. -

"Dear Editor:-

I've always been interested in the supernatural, and have read a lot about it. Your magazine covers just about everything, and the stories are written in an interesting manner. Also, your art work is the best I've ever seen. I have a question to ask. Vampires are my favorites, and your "*Rapem*" was the most convincing conception of a Vampire I've ever seen. In your stories, you've mentioned silver to ward them off. Maybe I'm wrong, but it seems to me that I've read that the mountain ash, wild rose, garlic and the crucifix were also good for that purpose. Also, how about some more stories concerning Egypt? There are many interesting superstitions from that country!

- Claire Garceau, West Acton, Mass."

"Dear Editor:-

I have just read my first issue of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*", and would like to congratulate you on putting out a great magazine. It rates with some of the best suspense programs on the air! Loads of luck!

Merle Allen, Pittsburgh, Pa."

AND NOW, READER -- HOW'S ABOUT HEARING FROM YOU?

GHOST TIGER

RAINED OUT! WELL, SWEETHEART—
GUESS **THIS** TAKES CARE OF YOUR
HUNCH THAT WE'D FIND OURSELVES A
FRONT PAGE STORY FOR THE "DISPATCH"
IN THE ZOO!

Have you ever looked into the tawny eyes
of a caged tiger—and known the
meaning of **FEAR**? Have you caught, within
these savage depths, a hint of why tigers stalk
at **NIGHT**—spreading terror in their wake?
Then you'll understand the unholy pair that
scorned both time and distance in their
fiendish search for **REVENGE**! Yes, one of
them was a **TIGER**—and the other—A **ONCE-
LIVING CREATURE** from out of **THE UNKNOWN**!



DON'T LET A LITTLE LIGHTNING GET YOU
DOWN, SANDRA! IT NEVER HITS TWICE
IN THE SAME PLACE—AND IT CERTAINLY
JOLTED ME THE DAY YOU SIGNED ON
AS A CUB REPORTER!

DON—TELL ME IF YOU
SEE ANYTHING DOWN
THERE—**AMONG
THE TIGERS!**

IN THE RIPPING GLARE
OF ANOTHER
LIGHTNING BOLT...



AT THE INSTANT DON
RAISES HIS CAMERA...

THIS I WANT
A PICTURE
OF!

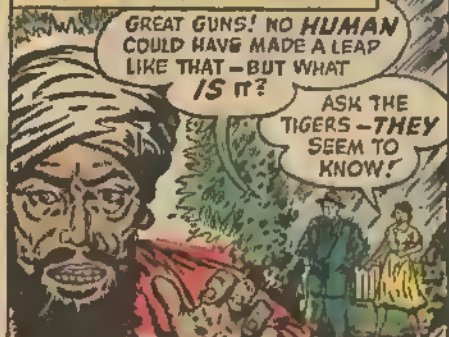
DON—GET BACK!
IT'S JUMPING
OUT!



AS THE PHANTOM FLITS THROUGH
THE DRIPPING SHRUBBERY...

GREAT GUNS! NO HUMAN
COULD HAVE MADE A LEAP
LIKE THAT—BUT WHAT
IS IT?

ASK THE
TIGERS—THEY
SEEM TO
KNOW!



LIKE UNLEASHED JUNGLE DEMONS...

YOU'RE RIGHT, SANDRA! THEY SEEM TO WANT TO FOLLOW HIM!

WELL, FAR BE IT FROM ME TO COME BETWEEN OLD FRIENDS! I'M LEAVING!

GARRGH!

AN HOUR LATER - IN THE "DISPATCH" CITY ROOM...

NOT A BAD STORY FOR A RAINY AFTERNOON! DID YOU LUCKY PEOPLE MANAGE TO GET A PICTURE?

YEP-- A TURKEY! I WAS A TRIFLE TOO LATE WITH MY FLASH-- AND HERE'S ALL I CAUGHT!

TOO BAD-- BUT OUR READERS WOULDN'T SWALLOW A STORY LIKE THIS WITHOUT PROOF! HEY, GILLIGAN-- COME HERE!

GILLIGAN, MAYBE I WAS A LITTLE PIG-HEADED ABOUT THAT STORY YOU TURNED IN THIS MORNING --ON THE CHARACTER WHO JUMPED FROM THE FREIGHT HATCH OF A TRANS-EMPIRE PLANE JUST BEFORE IT LANDED! TELL SANDRA AND DON WHERE THAT PLANE WAS FROM. GILLIGAN!

WEIRD COINCIDENCE, EH?

INDIA!

IT WAS WEIRD ENOUGH -- BUT NO COINCIDENCE! THAT THING WE SAW IN THE ZOO ARRIVED THIS MORNING -- AND I'VE GOT A FLUTTERY NOTION IT WAS JUST HIDING OUT THERE --UNTIL TONIGHT!

SOMETHING TELLS ME WE COULD BOTH USE A CUP OF COFFEE!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

THANKS FOR THE TIP, MIKE-- BUT FRANKLY, I DON'T SEE A STORY IN A TRUCK DRIVER ASKING YOU FOR AN ADDRESS --EVEN IF IT WAS THE FLETCHER ADAMS MANSION!

HE WAS A FOREIGNER-- WALKING ALONG BAREFOOT! AND WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A TRUCK?

I ASSUMED HE HAD ONE! DIDN'T YOU MENTION A MOTOR, OR A TURBINE, OR SOMETHING?

NOT TURBINE --TURBAN! AROUND THE HEAD!

NOW YOU'RE LATCHING ON! WHEN A CHARACTER COMES ALL THE WAY FROM INDIA TO LOOK UP A WEALTHY BIG GAME HUNTER-- THAT'S NEWS!



THOSE WHACKY NEWSPAPER PEOPLE -- YOU'D THINK I STUCK 'EM WITH A PIN!

COULD BE -- BUT THEY STUCK YOU WITH THE CHECK!



SOON AFTERWARD...

OF COURSE -- IT COULD BE ANOTHER HINDU!

I'D LIKE TO THINK SO, TOO -- IF I DIDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT FLETCHER ADAMS' HUNTING EXPEDITIONS WERE CHIEFLY FOR TIGERS!



MR. ADAMS? WE'RE FROM THE "DISPATCH," AND --

HA -- I THOUGHT THE NEWSPAPERS WOULD FIND IT AN INTERESTING STORY! AFTER ALL -- IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT AN ENTIRE STAFF OF SERVANTS WALK OUT IN A PANIC!



SOMETHING -- SCARED THEM?

INCREDIBLE, ISN'T IT? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THEY SAY IT MOVES AND MAKES NOISES -- MY FAVORITE TIGER!



THOSE EYES! DON -- DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE THEM?

RELAX, SANDRA! THEY **DD** REMIND ME OF THOSE GLARING THINGS WE SAW IN THE ZOO, BUT AFTER ALL -- **THESE EYES ARE JUST GLASS!**



NOT AT ALL! AS A MATTER OF FACT -- THEY HAPPEN TO BE GENUINE CAT'S-EYES!

THEY'RE WHAT?





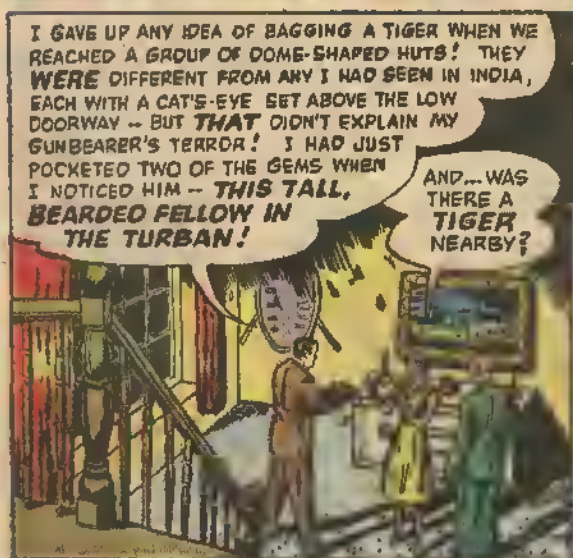
CAT'S-EYES - A **GEM!** DON'T LET THAT GLOW FROM THE TIGER SKIN ALARM YOU - I'M CONVINCED IT'S MERELY A FORM OF PHOSPHORESCENT MOLD! ABOUT THE GEMS - **THEY** WERE PART OF MY ADVENTURE IN THAT STRANGE LITTLE VILLAGE IN **BENGAL** - THE NIGHT I MET BOTH THIS TIGER AND - WELL, THE DEVIL KNOWS WHERE **HE IS!**

WHO?



JUST A NATIVE I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT MANY A NIGHT SINCE - A **STRANGE-LOOKING CREEP IN A TURBAN!**

BEFORE WE JUMP TO ANY CONCLUSIONS - LET'S HEAR THE WHOLE STORY! WHAT **HAPPENED** THAT NIGHT, MR. ADAMS?

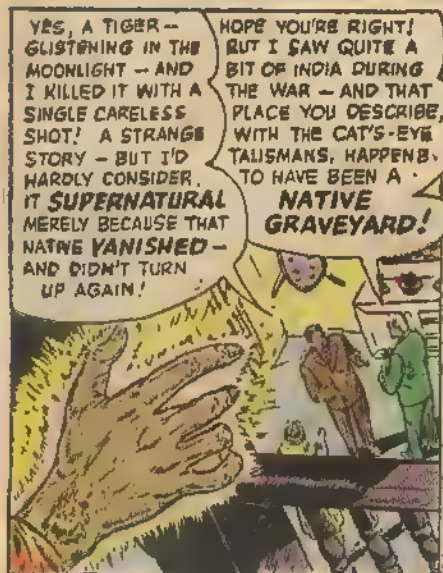


I GAVE UP ANY IDEA OF BAGGING A TIGER WHEN WE REACHED A GROUP OF DOME-SHAPED HUTS! THEY **WERE** DIFFERENT FROM ANY I HAD SEEN IN INDIA, EACH WITH A CAT'S-EYE SET ABOVE THE LOW DOORWAY - BUT **THAT** DIDN'T EXPLAIN MY GUNBEARER'S TERROR! I HAD JUST POCKETED TWO OF THE GEMS WHEN I NOTICED HIM - **THIS TALL, BEARDED FELLOW IN THE TURBAN!**

AND... WAS THERE A **TIGER** NEARBY?



STRANGELY ENOUGH - THAT OCCURRED TO **ME!** THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIS STRANGE, GROWLING VOICE - WHEN HE TOLD ME THERE WERE **NO** TIGERS AROUND - THAT MADE ME CERTAIN THERE **WAS** ONE! SURE ENOUGH, THE MOMENT HE SLIPPED INTO THE DARKNESS - **I SAW IT!**



YES, A TIGER - GLISTENING IN THE MOONLIGHT - AND I KILLED IT WITH A SINGLE CARELESS SHOT! A STRANGE STORY - BUT I'D HARDLY CONSIDER IT **SUPERNATURAL** MERELY BECAUSE THAT NATIVE **VANISHED** - AND DIDN'T TURN UP AGAIN!

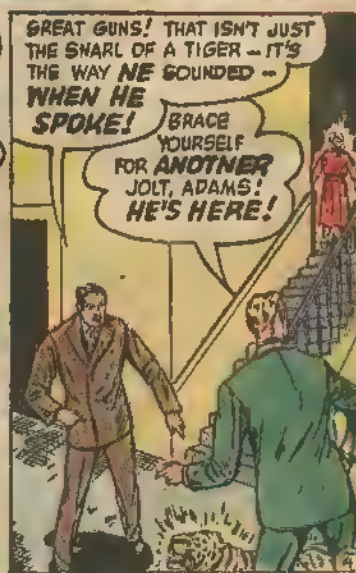
HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT I SAW QUITE A BIT OF INDIA DURING THE WAR - AND THAT PLACE YOU DESCRIBE, WITH THE CAT'S-EYE TALISMANS, HAPPENS TO HAVE BEEN A **NATIVE GRAVEYARD!**



AS FOR THE MYSTERIOUS NATIVE - HE HAS TURNED UP AGAIN! WE SAW HIM TODAY IN THE TIGER DEN AT THE ZOO - AND HE GROWLED JUST LIKE -

GRRRRH!

OH!



GREAT GUNS! THAT ISN'T JUST THE SNARL OF A TIGER - IT'S THE WAY **HE** SOUNDED - WHEN **HE** **SPOKE!**

BRACE YOURSELF FOR ANOTHER JOLT, ADAMS! **HE'S HERE!**



I'M NOT SURE HE'LL BE SATISFIED WITH RECOVERING THAT, ADAMS -- BUT IF YOU'RE SMART -- YOU'LL LET HIM HAVE IT!

HE'S NOT GOING TO GET IT -- NOT THE TIGER SKIN I HUNTED YEARS TO FIND! I DON'T CARE WHAT HE IS OR WHAT HE CAN DO -- I'M NOT BACKING DOWN!

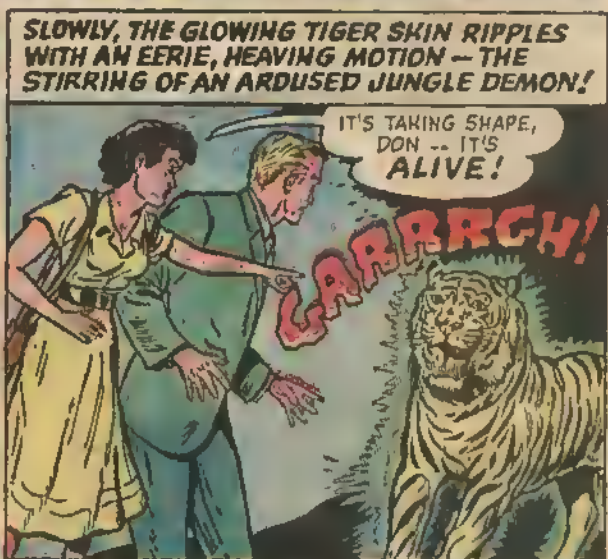


THEN -- WITH HEADLONG FURY...

ARRRGH!



CRASH!



SLOWLY, THE GLOWING TIGER SKIN RIPPLES WITH AN EERIE, HEAVING MOTION -- THE STIRRING OF AN ARDUSED JUNGLE DEMON!

IT'S TAKING SHAPE, DON -- IT'S ALIVE!

GARRGH!



THAT'S MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR ADAMS! HE'S DEAD, SANDRA -- AND THAT CREEP IN THE TURBAN SEEMS TO HAVE THE SAME IDEA IN MIND FOR US!



SUDDENLY -- WITH TERROR CLOSING IN FROM BOTH SIDES...

DON! THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE -- CROUCHING NEAR THE STAIRS!



I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO SEE WHAT WENT ON HERE!

MIKE -- KEEP AWAY FROM THAT THING!



FOR A TERRIBLE SPLIT SECOND, THE TIGER SEEMS TO HANG INERTLY - ITS CLAWS RAKING THE GLOOM!



BUT IN
THE NEXT
INSTANT—

GRRACH!

YARACH!

WELL — THERE'S ONE LESS
GHOUL RABBITING THE BURIAL
MOUNDS BACK IN BENGAL!

YOU HEAR THE
CURRENT
CONDUCTED
BY THE
HANDCUFFS
ON HIS WRISTS
FINISHED
HIM OFF?

THE RIGHT WRIST—
AND IT'S A GOOD THING
I REMEMBERED THE
SCAR THAT SHOWED UP
IN THE PHOTOGRAPH
I SNAPPED AT THE ZOO!
YOU'LL SEE WHY WHEN
WE EXAMINE THE THING
THAT COST ADAMS HIS
LIFE — THE SKIN OF A
DEMON TIGER!

**A DEMON TIGER — OUTSTRETCHED ON THE
FLOOR WITH ITS INFERNAL GLOW DIMMED FOREVER!**

REMEMBER ADAMS SAYING HE KILLED THE TIGER
WITH ONE CARELESS SHOT? THERE'S THE HOLE
MADE BY HIS SHOT — AND HERE'S MINE —
BOTH ON THE FOREPAW CORRESPONDING
TO THE PHANTOM'S
SCARRED WRIST!

CATS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE THE FAMILIAR
SPIRITS OF SUPERNATURAL BEINGS! IN THIS
CASE, IT WAS A TIGER — A BEAST WHICH
SHARED NIGHTS OF TERROR WITH ITS
PHANTOM MASTER — AND ALSO
SHARED THE PHANTOM'S ONLY
VITAL SPOT! IT WAS THE
SCARRED WRIST — MARKING
AN INJURY SUSTAINED WHILE
THE PHANTOM LIVED!
AFTER YEARS OF STALKING
IN THE JUNGLE WITH THE
TIGER — THE PHANTOM
HUNTED ALONE AFTER
ADAMS LEFT INDIA WITH
HIS TROPHY!

HUNTED
WHAT,
DON?

ADAMS! AND YOU SAW
WHY TONIGHT — WHEN THE
TIGER TOOK SHAPE AT THE VERY
INSTANT THE MAN WHO
KILLED IT DIED!

AN HOUR LATER —

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH
YOU PEOPLE? I TELL YOU
I HAVE SOMETHING SPECIAL
FOR YOU TONIGHT — SOME-
THING I GET FROM FAR
AWAY — AND YOU GET
WHITE AS A NAPHIN!

JUST A MATTER OF
PRONUNCIATION, PETE!
WHILE THESE TWO ARE
BROODING ABOUT TURBAN
— I'LL HAVE SOME
OF THAT
TERRAPIN!

The STRANGE BOTTLE

TIMMY was looking for shells along the beach when he suddenly spied the strangely-colored and oddly-shaped bottle bobbing in the surf just a few yards offshore. Wading excitedly out, he reached the bottle and held it up for examination. It was greenish, and curiously light in weight—but although Timmy peered as hard as he could, all he could see inside the bottle was a strange, swirling smoke, as if there was something almost alive imprisoned in the bottle.

Holding the bottle high in his hand, Timmy ran as fast as his eight-year-old legs could carry him to his parents on the beach. So eager was he to show his discovery, that Timmy didn't even notice his step-father was angrily shouting at his mother again, while she meekly lowered her head in submission.

"Look—look what I found," Timmy yelled.

His step-father turned his angry, red face towards Timmy and began shouting at him. "How many times have I told you not to interrupt adults when they're speaking? If your mother never bothered teaching you any manners, I will—and to punish you for your rudeness, you're going to get rid of that thing you just found. Throw it away—right now!"

Timmy looked appealingly at his mother, but all she could do was shrug her shoulders in resignation. "You . . . you'd better do as your father says," she sighed.

Timmy turned, choking back the tears that welled up in his eyes. Things hadn't been this way when his first father—his *real* father—had been alive. His real Dad had been kind and understanding,

and had liked nothing better than to sit all evening and read Timmy stories from the big Arabian Nights book. But all his step-father did was drink all evening long, and many times Timmy had come upon his mother when she thought she was alone—and heard her sobbing and murmuring the name of his real Dad. Once, when his step-father had struck Timmy, she had even admitted to her son that her second marriage had all been a horrible mistake—but that there was nothing she could do about it now.

Now, at the water's edge, Timmy looked sorrowfully down at his wonderful find, and gave it a final, loving look before having to throw it back into the water. But this time he saw something he hadn't noticed before—the strange writing engraved on the bottle. "Hey," he suddenly exclaimed. "That writing—it's just like the Arabic writing I saw in the Arabian Nights book! And come to think of it, this bottle looks just like the picture in that book—the picture of the bottle that held the magic genie! . . . I think I'll make believe it really is that bottle—and then imagine that the genie actually granted my wish as a reward for releasing him from the bottle!"

Timmy closed his eyes, made his fervent wish, and then pulled out the cork. A sudden *WHOOSH!* made him open his eyes—just in time to see a huge, swirling cloud of dust gather his step-father into its midst and vanish with incredible speed out over the ocean!

Clasping the now empty bottle to his heart, Timmy ran happily to his mother, who was sitting dazedly on the beach, wondering how that strange, tornado-like whirlwind had happened to spare her.



ATOMIC SCIENTISTS HAVE LONG REALIZED HOW CLOSELY MOLECULAR MOTION RESEMBLES LIFE ITSELF...LIFE IN ITS MOST PRIMITIVE AND UNPREDICTABLE FORM! SO FAR, DR. DAN WARREN'S ROBOT HAS BEEN THE ONLY LINK BETWEEN REALITY AND THE SUPERNATURAL...BETWEEN THE HUMAN MIND AND BRUTE FORCE...BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT CAN BE SPAWNED IN THE DARKNESS BY A HORRIBLE MISSTEP OF SCIENCE?

ONE NIGHT...AT DR. DAN WARREN'S HOME...

HAVE YOU HAD ANY FURTHER NEWS ABOUT THE TERRIBLE MINE CAVE-IN AT COPPER MOUNTAIN, DAN?

I'M WAITING FOR A PHONE CALL NOW! COPPER MOUNTAIN'S JUST THIRTY MILES AWAY...AND THE MINE OFFICIALS HAVE ALERTED ALL SCIENTISTS IN THE AREA, HOPING THEY'LL FIND A WAY TO FREE THE MEN TRAPPED IN A SHAFT DEEP INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN!

MEANWHILE, THE **ROBOT** SHOULD BE GIVEN HIS DAILY DOSE OF **CREATIVE**...AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS, HE'S LEARNED TO EXPECT IT ALMOST ON THE MINUTE! SINCE I HAVE TO WAIT HERE, MARCIA, IT WOULD HELP A LOT IF YOU WENT TO THE LAB AND GOT THE CYCLOTRON TUNED UP...AFTER YOU'VE GIVEN THE **CREATIVE** TO THE ROBOT!

DO I HAVE TO, DAN?
EVEN THOUGH I'VE BEEN
ALONE WITH THE ROBOT
MANY TIMES BEFORE...I
CAN'T LOSE THE FEAR
THAT SOME DAY IT
MAY UNEXPECTEDLY
TURN AGAINST ME!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT
WON'T HAPPEN, HONEY
...AS LONG AS THE ROBOT'S
GIVEN A SMALL AMOUNT OF
CREATING EACH DAY!
CREATING'S THE BASIC
CHEMICAL IN HUMAN BRAIN.
BLOOD, AND MUSCLE CELLS
...AND THESE DAILY DOSES
GIVE THE ROBOT ENOUGH
SIMPLE HUMAN

CHARACTERISTICS
TO CALM DOWN
THOSE DESTRUCTIVE
RAGES WE'VE
HAD TO CONTENT
WITH IN THE
PAST!

ON THE OTHER HAND, TOO MUCH CREATINE WOULD
BE WORSE THAN NONE AT ALL...BECAUSE IT CAN
DEVELOP THE ROBOT'S BRAIN TO SUCH AN EX-
TENT THAT IT WILL BE ABLE TO COMBINE CRAFTI-
NESS WITH ITS TREMENDOUS
PHYSICAL STRENGTH!

GUESS THERE'S
NOTHING TO BE AFRAID
OF UNLESS THAT
HAPPENS, DAN! I'D
BETTER GET
MOVING...THE
ROBOT'S BEEN
WAITING OVER
A HALF-HOUR
ALREADY!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE
DARKENED LABORATORY...THE
ROBOT STIRS RESTLESSLY! ITS
STARING, LACKLUSTER EYES PEER
INTO THE SHADOWS...PROMPTED
BY A STRANGE HUNGER AND A
STRANGE DESIRE...

They...WITH A DULL FLASH OF
RECOGNITION...

ARRGH!

ANY ORGANISM IS A CREATURE OF
HABIT...AND TO THE ROBOT, "HABIT"
INVOLVES THE BOTTLE IT SLOWLY UNKORKS
...THE ONLY ANSWER TO THE BARELY-
CHECKED RAGES THAT SEETHE IN ITS
PRIMITIVE BRAIN!

AAAAH...
AAAAH!

ARRRRGH!

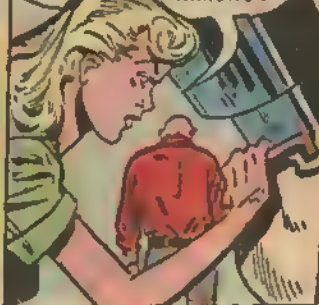
FRANKED BY
A SENSE OF
WRONGDOING,
THE ROBOT
WHIRLS...AND
IN A CLUMSY
ATTEMPT TO
REPLACE THE
CORK...

THE CREATINE! ROBOT
—YOU KNOW YOU
SHOULDN'T HAVE
TOUCHED IT!

THAT'S THE FIRST THING DAN TAUGHT YOU... **NEVER TOUCH ANYTHING IN THE LABORATORY!** NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL HE GETS HERE AND MAKES A FRESH SUPPLY OF CREATINE! GET BACK TO YOUR ROOM... **AND DON'T STIR UNTIL DAN ARRIVES!**



I'M SORRY I HAD TO BE SO STRICT... BUT ONCE THE ROBOT'S BEEN GIVEN AN ORDER IN THAT KIND OF TONE, RED-HOT IRONS COULDN'T BUDGE IT! NOW I'D BETTER GET THE CYCLOTRON TURNED ON... THERE'S A BARE POSSIBILITY THAT DAN WILL FIND SOME WAY TO USE THE BEAM TO HELP THOSE TRAPPED MINERS!



Then... RISING ABOVE THE BARE HUM OF THE CYCLOTRON...

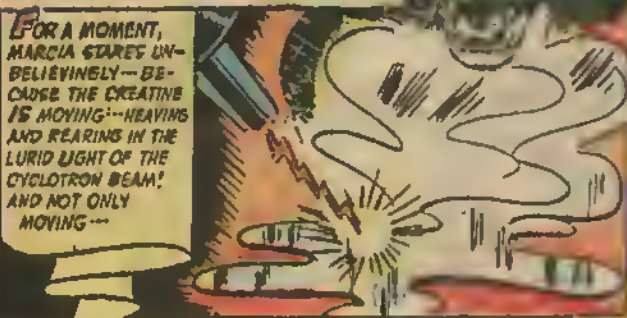
STRANGE... I FORGOT TO CLEAR AWAY THE BROKEN BOTTLE OF CREATINE... AND THE LIQUID'S GIVING OFF A PULSATING GLOW... JUST AS IF IT WERE **MOVING!**



... **BUT LIVING** -- IN A FORM OF LIFE THAT GIVES NEW MEANING TO SHUDDERING TERROR!

I--I MUSTN'T LET FEAR GET THE UPPER HAND! IT'S JUST A BEING FORMED BY THE ACTION OF THE CYCLOTRON BEAM ON THE CREATINE... AND MAYBE IT ISN'T AS EVIL AS IT LOOKS!

FOR A MOMENT, MARCIA STARES UNBELIEVINGLY-- BECAUSE THE CREATINE IS MOVING! HEAVING AND REARING IN THE LURID LIGHT OF THE CYCLOTRON BEAM! AND NOT ONLY MOVING--



SUDDENLY--AS IF A DIABOLICAL INTELLIGENCE SEIZED UPON AN ANSWER...

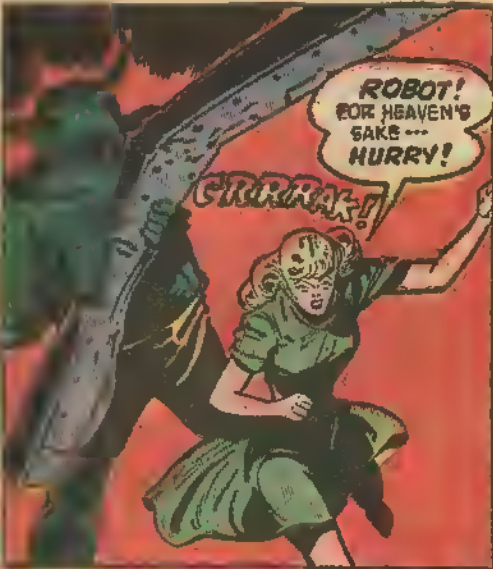


WITH A SINGLE CONVULSIVE CONSTRICTION...

THAT THING UNDERSTOOD ME! IT'S SHOWING ME WHAT IT'S LIKE... **A BEING OF FIENDISH STRENGTH AND FIENDISH INTELLIGENCE!**



AROUSSED GROWL SOUNDS FROM THE ROBOT--BUT ITS PRIMITIVE MEMORY KEEPS IT ACTIONLESS--NOT DARING TO DISOBEY!



ROBOT!
FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE---
HURRY!

GRRRRR!

GET BACK TO YOUR
ROOM--AND DON'T
STIR UNTIL DAN
ARRIVES!

GARRRGH!

BORN BETWEEN
DUTY AND DIS-
CIPLINE, THE ROBOT
WATCHES--WATCHES
WHILE A HULK OF
HORROR CREEPS
OMINOUSLY
TOWARD
MARCIA!

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS
TO ME... I CAN'T LET THIS
CREATURE DESTROY THE
CYCLOTRON!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

GOOD
LORD!



Then--AT ITS FIRST GLIMPSE
OF DAN--

GARRRGH!

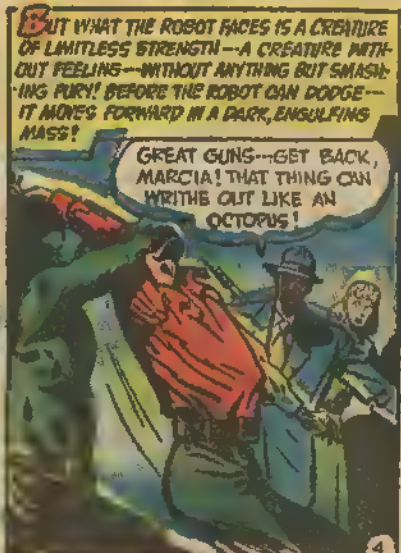


BLAM!



BUT WHAT THE ROBOT FACES IS A CREATURE
OF LIMITLESS STRENGTH--A CREATURE WITH-
OUT FEELING--WITHOUT ANYTHING BUT SMASH-
ING FURY! BEFORE THE ROBOT CAN DODGE--
IT MOVES FORWARD IN A DARK, ENSULFING
MASS!

GREAT GUNS--GET BACK,
MARCIA! THAT THING CAN
WRITHE OUT LIKE AN
OCTOPUS!



PRACTICALLY, THE ROBOT STRUGGLES TO ESCAPE
...AS THE CRUSHING SHAPE OOZES AND FLOWS
AROUND IT!

POW!
WHAM!

YAAGH!
YAAGH!

I---I CAN'T WATCH WHILE
THE SPARK OF LIFE YOU
CREATED IN THE ROBOT
IS GULPED OUT BY THAT
FIEND, DAN! WE'VE GOT
TO STOP IT---BUT
HOW?

THERE'S ONE THING
NOTHING CAN
WITHSTAND---THE
CYCLOTRON
BEAM!

Then...AS DAN QUICKLY TRAINS
THE GLOWING TUBE...

GLAARGH!

LIKE AN OVERSHOOTING
WAVE OF LAVA...

CRASH!

BLAZES---I WAS TOO RATTLED TO
SWITCH THE CYCLOTRON
ON TO ITS FULL
POWER!

I'M GLAD
IT CAN STOP
THE MONSTER, DAN
...BUT WE CAN'T MOVE
A TEN-TON INSTRUMENT
AROUND WHILE WE'RE
PURSUING IT! NOW THAT
THE MONSTER'S ESCAPED
...IT'S CERTAIN TO SPREAD
DESTRUCTION LIKE A
WALKING EARTH-
QUAKE!

IT'S UP TO ME TO DEVISE SOME KIND OF FAST COUNTER-
ATTACK---BUT BEFORE I BEGIN, HOW'D THAT THING
MANAGE TO TAKE SHAPE? THE ALARM SYSTEM BACK
HOME INDICATED THERE WAS SOME KIND OF SERIOUS
ELECTRICAL DISTURBANCE AT
THE LAB---BUT I DIDN'T EX-
PECT TO FIND A CREEP
LIKE THAT!

IT ALL HAPPENED
WHEN THE ROBOT
DROPPED THE BOTTLE
OF CREATINE ON THE
CYCLOTRON PLATFORM
---AND I UNTHINKINGLY
SWITCHED ON THE
CURRENT!

IN THAT CASE---THE FIRST STEP WILL BE TO
PREPARE A FRESH SUPPLY OF CREATINE! NOT
ONLY DOES THE ROBOT NEED IT TO KEEP HIM
FROM GOING ON A DESTRUCTIVE RAMPAGE...
BUT THIS TIME I'M GOING TO SEE THAT
HE GETS A FAR LARGER DOSE THAN
USUAL!

MAYBE THE ROBOT CAN'T MATCH THE MONSTER'S STRENGTH...BUT TWO THINGS ARE PRETTY PLAIN AT THIS STAGE! FIRST--BY GIVING THE ROBOT AN UNUSUALLY HEAVY DOSE OF CREATIVE, HE'LL BE ABLE TO OUTSMART THE MONSTER! WE'LL BE RUNNING THE TERRIBLE RISK OF HAVING THE ROBOT USE ITS NEW-FOUND MENTAL POWERS TO ITS OWN ADVANTAGE... GIVING US TWO MENACES TO COPE WITH INSTEAD OF ONE...BUT THAT'S THE CHANCE WE'VE GOT TO TAKE!

AS FOR MY SECOND HUNCH, MARCIA...I HAVE AN IDEA THAT THE MONSTER SENSES A DEADLY RIVAL IN THE ROBOT...AND THAT IT WON'T STRAY FAR UNTIL THEY'VE HAD A FINISH FIGHT!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! THE ROBOT'S ACTING AS IF **SOMETHING** IT HATES IS VERY CLOSE!

GARRRGH!

THE CREATIVE WILL BE READY AS SOON AS I'VE SENT A LOW-VOLTAGE ELECTRICAL CHARGE THROUGH IT! THEN I HOPE THE ROBOT WILL FIND SOME WAY TO STOP THE MONSTER...SO THAT I'LL BE FREE TO DO SOMETHING FOR THOSE TRAPPED MINERS!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

BLAM!

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT HAPPENED? CREATIVE NEVER REACTED LIKE THAT BEFORE!

NOPE...AND THE LAB WIRING SYSTEM HASN'T BEEN OUT OF WHACK BEFORE, EITHER! THE MONSTER'S RAMPAGE BLEW OUT MY CURRENT CONTROLS...AND SINCE CREATIVE IS CHEMICALLY VERY SIMILAR TO **NITRO GLYCERINE**, IT EXPLODED UNDER THE SURGE OF HIGH-TENSION ELECTRICITY!

WELL...WHAT DO WE DO NOW? EVEN IF YOU HAD TIME TO MAKE MORE CREATIVE...THAT BLAST DESTROYED ALL YOUR NECESSARY EQUIPMENT!

WAIT A MINUTE! IF CREATIVE ACTS THAT WAY UNDER A HIGH TENSION CURRENT...WHY WOULDN'T THE MONSTER?

IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL IF WE COULD DESTROY THAT THING WITHOUT HAVING TO USE THE ROBOT...BUT NOW IN THE WORLD ARE WE GOING TO LURK THE MONSTER TO A SPOT WITH A SUFFICIENTLY HEAVY CURRENT?

WE'VE GOT IT RIGHT HERE, MARCIA...BUT I'M GAMBLING ON THE POSSIBILITY OF KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE! WE ARE GOING TO USE THE ROBOT...TO LURK THE MONSTER TO THE SCENE OF THAT MINE CAVE-IN AT COPPER MOUNTAIN!



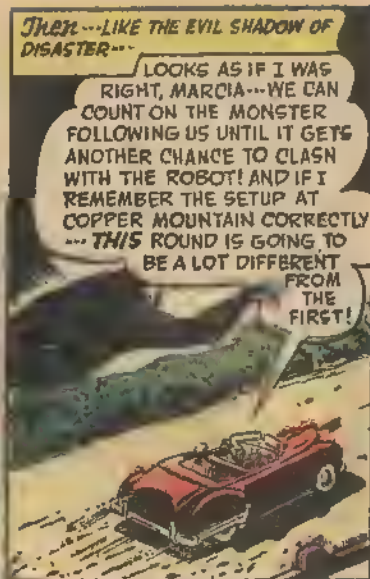
A MOMENT LATER...

THERE IT IS, DAN...
WAITING FOR US IN
THE SHADOW OF THE
LABORATORY!



WITH A CHALLENGING ROAR...

GARRRGH! YOU'LL GET
YOUR CHANCE
TO FINISH OFF
THAT SLITHERING
FREAK, ROBOT...
BUT NOT HERE!
WAIT...GET
INTO THE
CAR!

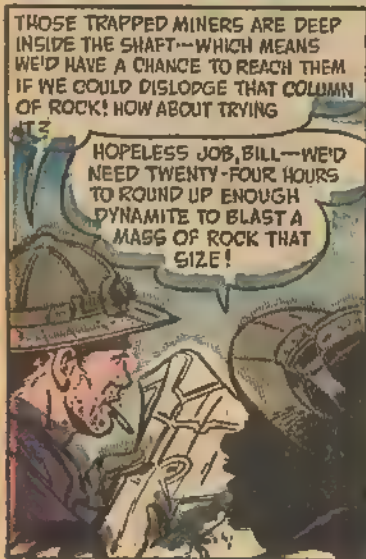


THEN...LIKE THE EVIL SHADOW OF
DISASTER...

LOOKS AS IF I WAS
RIGHT, MARCIA...WE CAN
COUNT ON THE MONSTER
FOLLOWING US UNTIL IT GETS
ANOTHER CHANCE TO CLASH
WITH THE ROBOT! AND IF I
REMEMBER THE SETUP AT
COPPER MOUNTAIN CORRECTLY
...THIS ROUND IS GOING TO
BE A LOT DIFFERENT
FROM
THE
FIRST!



NEARLY AN HOUR
LATER...AT COPPER
MOUNTAIN...

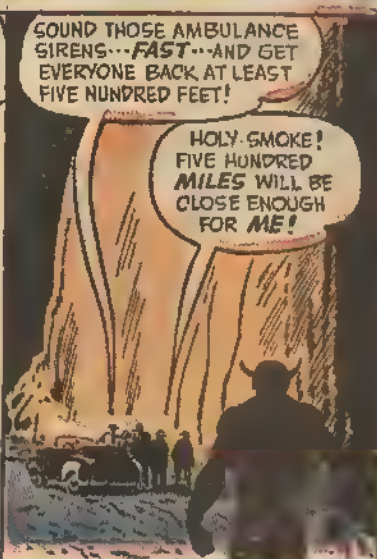


THOSE TRAPPED MINERS ARE DEEP
INSIDE THE SHAFT--WHICH MEANS
WE'D HAVE A CHANCE TO REACH THEM
IF WE COULD DISLodge THAT COLUMN
OF ROCK! HOW ABOUT TRYING
IT?

HOPELESS JOB, BILL--WE'D
NEED TWENTY-FOUR HOURS
TO ROUND UP ENOUGH
DYNAMITE TO BLAST A
MASS OF ROCK THAT
SIZE!

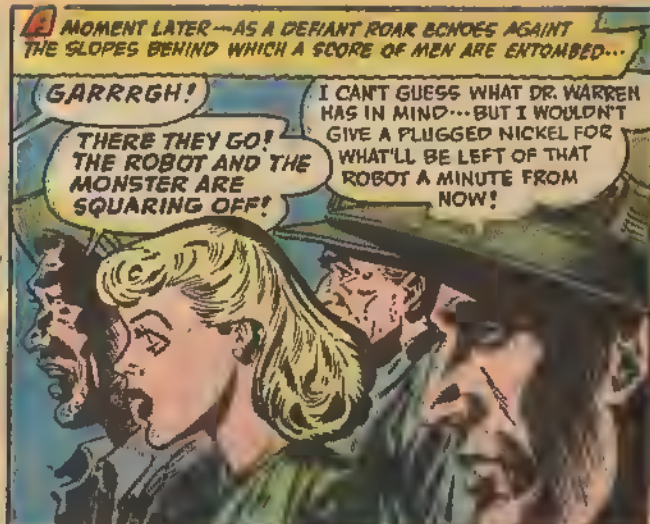
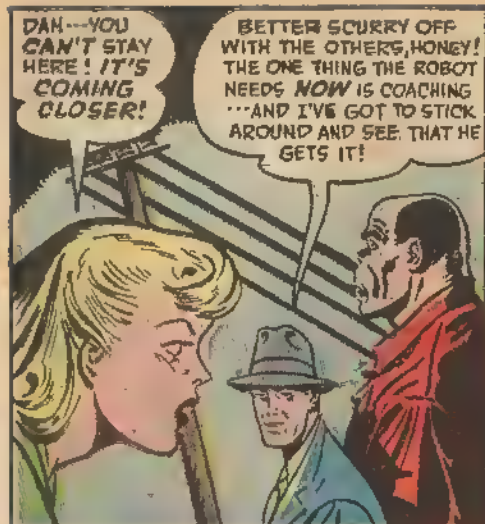


THERE'S DR. WARREN'S CAR...
AND...**GREAT GUNS!** WHAT'S
THAT **BLACK, SHINING THING**
COMING RIGHT BEHIND IT?



SOUND THOSE AMBULANCE
SIRENS...**FAST**...AND GET
EVERYONE BACK AT LEAST
FIVE HUNDRED FEET!

HOLY SMOKE!
FIVE HUNDRED
MILES WILL BE
CLOSE ENOUGH
FOR ME!



AS THE MONSTER STALKS TOWARD THE ROBOT
---PANTING FOR THE KILL---

THEN...AT THE INSTANT THE BLACK BRUTE CHARGES---

YOU HAVEN'T A NERVOUS SYSTEM, ROBOT
---SO YOU WON'T BE HARMED BY THAT
HIGH VOLTAGE CABLE! HOLD ONTO
IT---AND BACK TOWARD THAT
COLUMN OF ROCK!

GLAAAGH!

WATCH YOURSELF,
ROBOT! THROW
THE POWER LINE
INTO THE AIR---
AND THEN
DUCK!

CRRRAK!

THE CABLE
HITS THE
AWFUL BRUTE
---AND IN A
BLAST FELT
FOR MILES
AROUND---

BOOM!

THAT'S ENOUGH TO SEND
THE MONSTER SKY-HIGH, ROBOT
---TOGETHER WITH WHAT'S
LEFT OF THAT MASS OF
ROCK!

AS THE SMOKE CLEARS---

OH, DAH---I CAN'T
REMEMBER WHEN
I'VE BEEN MORE
FRIGHTENED!

LOOK THERE!
PART OF THE
SHAFT HAS BEEN
EXPOSED BY THE BLAST
---AND WE'RE SURE TO
FIND THE TRAPPED MEN
JUST A FEW HUNDRED
FEET BEYOND!

DEEP INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN---

THEY'RE BEHIND THOSE
COLLAPSED TIMBERS,
DR. WARREN---BUT
WE'RE FAR TOO CLOSE
TO USE DYNAMITE
THIS TIME!

IT'S UP TO
YOU, ROBOT!
**GET
THROUGH!**

RELENTLESS AS A BULLDOZER
---THE ROBOT FLOWS FORWARD!

CRRRUNCH!

SAFELY---WITH THE MINERS RESCUED---

I'VE NEVER MET
ANYTHING AS
HORRIBLE AS THAT
MONSTER, DAN---
BUT WITH THE ROBOT'S
HELP, YOU ACTUALLY
MANAGED TO USE
ITS EVIL POWERS
TO SAVE LIVES!

MAYBE THAT'S
WHAT SCIENCE IS
FOR, MONEY! BUT
WHEN I THINK
OF THE STRANGE
BEINGS FROM OUT
OF THE UNKNOWN
THAT CAN BURST
FORTH ANY MINUTE, JUST
AS THE MONSTER DID---
I REALIZE HOW MUCH OF
A FIGHT THE ROBOT AND I
STILL HAVE AHEAD
OF US!

**BRISTLING TERROR CONFRONTS THE
SPIRIT OF FRANKENSTEIN WITH A CHIL-
ING CHALLENGE IN AN EARLY ISSUE!**

UNCANNY MYSTERIES

CASE OF GHOSTLY MRS. IT

AN ASTONISHING ACCOUNT OF A MODERN GHOST CAME TO LIGHT IN JANUARY, 1950, WHEN WILLIAM BABER, OF BRISTOL, ENGLAND, APPEARED BEFORE THE BRITISH HOUSING COMMISSION, FRANTICALLY REQUESTING A CHANGE OF RESIDENCE---

BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR HOUSE AT 13 HIGH-WORTH ROAD, MR. BABER... WHY SHOULD YOU WANT TO MOVE?

BECAUSE THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED, THAT'S WHY! I MOVED THERE 18 YEARS AGO---TWO YEARS AFTER THE DEATH OF MRS. DRURY, THE PREVIOUS OWNER---AND NOW HER GHOST, MRS. IT, HAS COME BACK TO HAUNT US!

THE LEASE THAT MRS. DRURY LEFT STIPULATED THAT ONE OF THE STORE-ROOMS IN THE HOUSE SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT LOCKED---AND EVERYTHING WENT ALONG SMOOTHLY UNTIL ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO, WHEN I OPENED THE STORE-ROOM---



FROM THEN ON, WE WERE PLAGUED BY MRS. IT---A LITTLE OLD WOMAN IN BLACK WITH A KIND OF GLOWING HALO AROUND HER HEAD---WHO USED TO RUN UP AND DOWN THE STAIRS LIKE A FRIGHTENING BEAM OF LIGHT!

SHE USED TO AWAKEN MY CHILDREN, JOHN AND SHIRLEY, IN THE MORNINGS---AND SHE FRIGHTENED THEM SO THAT WE HAD TO SEND THEM AWAY TO STAY WITH RELATIVES!

WE BOUGHT A WATCHDOG TO SCARE MRS. IT AWAY---BUT IT WAS ALWAYS THE DOG WHO WAS TERRIFIED WHENEVER THEY RAN INTO EACH OTHER!



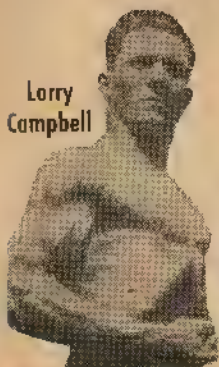
WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED, MR. BABER APPEALED TO HIS VICAR, REV. FRANCIS J. MADDOCK---WHO PERFORMED THE AWESOME SERVICE OF EXORCISM AFTER CONSULTING ANCIENT AND AUTHENTIC AUTHORITIES, DATING BACK FAR BEYOND THE MEDIEVAL AGES!

ON FEB. 13TH, 1950, THREE WEEKS AFTER THE ATTEMPTED EXORCISM, AN ASTONISHED WORLD LEARNED THAT MRS. IT HAD RETURNED TO THE BABER HOME---AND THIS TIME, SHE HAD A PHANTOM PARTNER WHO DANCED WITH HER UP AND DOWN THE STAIRS! WILL THE GHOSTLY MRS. IT EVER RETURN FROM WHENCE SHE CAME? ---ONLY THE GREAT UNKNOWN CAN TELL!



Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents? to become an "All-Around" HE-MAN at Home

Lorry Campbell



Rex Ferris



WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!



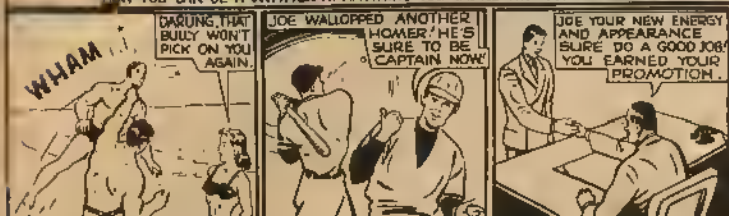
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"ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

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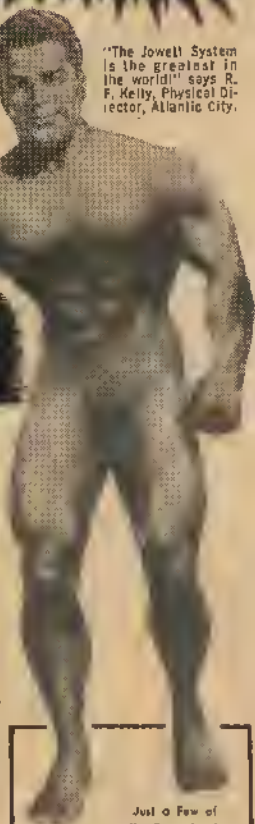
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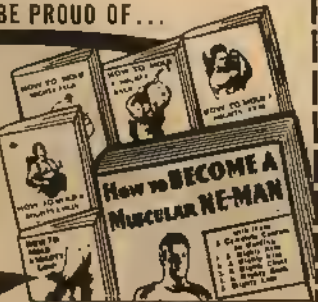
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AN EFFICIENT SANDER

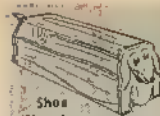
IT SANDS—This replaceable garnet sanding disc revolves at constant high speed, and the sanding table tilts 45° up or down for accurate bevel sanding. Worn discs may be stripped off and replaced by cementing on a new one with ordinary household cement.

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